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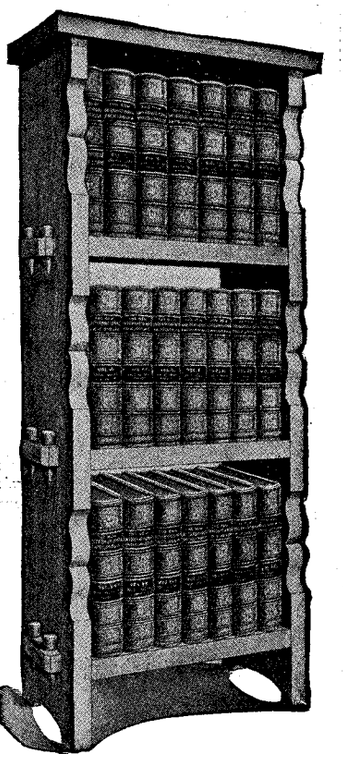

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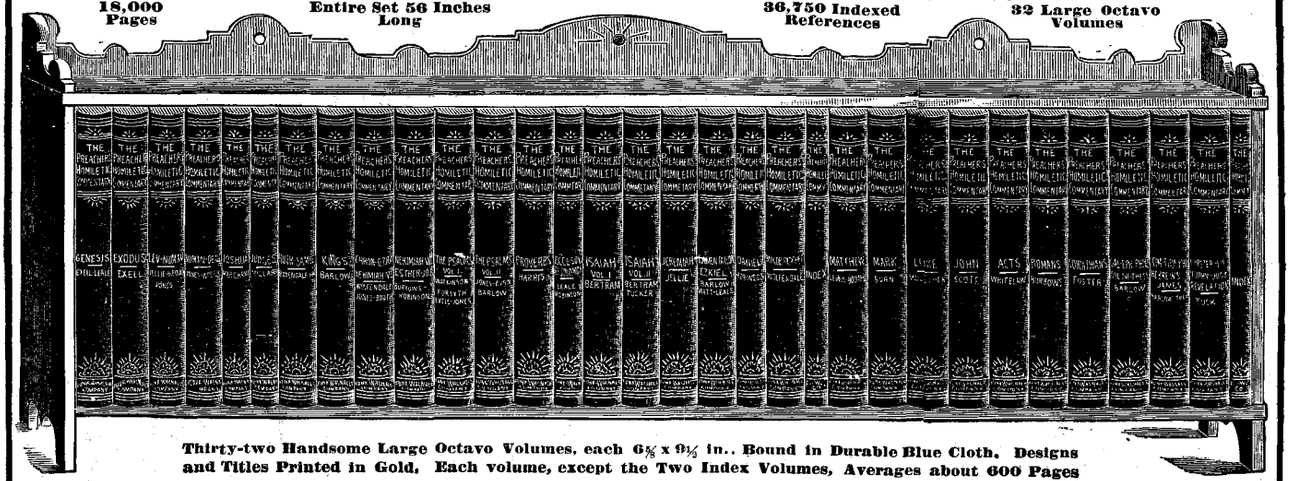

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TOPICS OF THE DAY.

GORKY'S PLEA FOR OUR SYMPATHY.

"SLOWLY have I climbed from the bottom of life to its surface," Maxim Gorky somewhere writes, "and on my way I watched everything with the greedy eyes of a scout going to the promised land." In the course of a life like Gorky's the promised land is apt to change frequently in character. Once his aim was to free himself from the mire; now it is to liberate Russia. On the way to that end it seemed natural to him to come to America and to secure the sympathies and aid of a country very ready to help enslaved people fighting for freedom. Indeed, the Washington *Star* observes, "New York seems likely to succeed London as the center of agitation for progress in Russia." But, curiously enough, a considerable part of the press of the country seems chary of enthusiasm for the movement started by the Russian revolutionist. "Maxim Gorky seems a bit radical even for this country," remarks the Springfield *Republican;* and the Baltimore *Sun*, while granting Gorky's absolute sincerity, feels that he can not "hope to advance the revolutionary cause by appeals to the American people," because of the fact that he preaches forcible subversion of the existing system. His honesty of purpose, the Providence *Journal* cautions us, should not blind us to "the warp of his mind" on that head, and it adds that "this is a good chance for the American public to avoid 'slopping over.'"

And yet some very eminent Americans have interested themselves in Gorky and his project, and no less a personage than our beloved Mark Twain spoke these winged words a few days ago at a dinner given the Russian novelist:

"If we can build a Russian republic to give its persecuted peoples the same freedom which we enjoy, let us by all means go on and do it. We need not now talk of the means to this end; let us hope, however, the fighting may be postponed at least for a while yet, but when it does come let us be ready for it.

"Our deepest sympathy belongs to a people who, as our own ancestors did, are trying to free themselves from evil oppression. Any such movement should have and deserves our earnest and unanimous cooperation, and such a petition for funds as has been explained by Mr. Hunter, with its just and powerful meaning, should have the utmost support of each and every one of us.

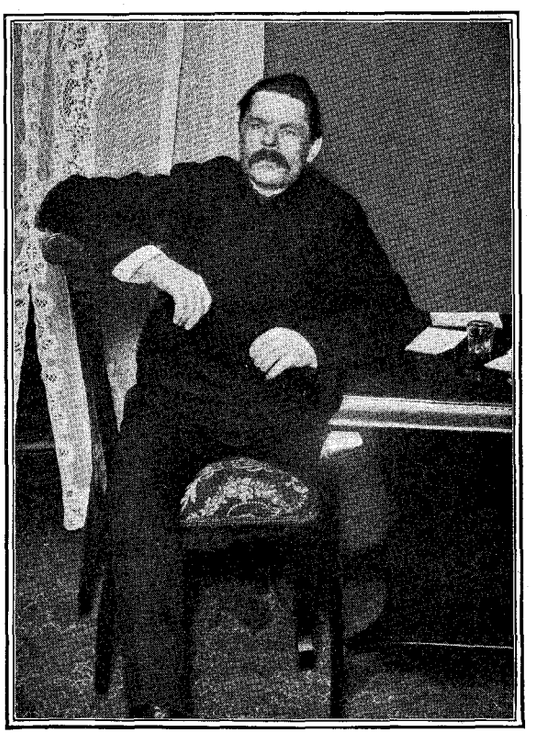
"If we keep our hearts in this matter Russia shall and will be free."

Gorky himself states pretty clearly his aim in coming to America. In the brief speech he made at this self-same dinner, he cried:

"I come to America expecting to find true and warm sympathizers among the American people for my suffering countrymen, who are fighting so hard and bearing so bravely their martyrdom for freedom. Now is the time for the revolution. Now is the time for the overthrow of Czardom. Now! Now! Now! But we need the sinews of war; the blood we will give ourselves. We need money, money, money. I come to you as a beggar that Russia may be free."

Now, "so far as he may try to bring about a better day for Russia by legitimate means," is the conservative comment of the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle*, "he will have the sympathy of all our people; but so far as he allies himself with the Reds of either this country or Europe he will alienate the only American sentiment worth considering or having in his favor." Witte, says the Brooklyn *Eagle*, is doing for Russia slowly what Gorky is trying to do at once. "The Witte way is better than the Gorky way for Russia," adds *The Eagle*, which proceeds to reason it out like this:

"Those who are espousing Gorky's purpose here are contrasting the liberty which they enjoy here with contemporary Russian conditions, unaware of the fact that the progress of our race from



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MAXIM GORKY.

"I have come from below, from the very depths of life, where there is naught but slum and slush. I am the voice of that life—the harsh cry of those who wallow in its mire."

despotism, a thousand years ago, to present freedom was gradual and difficult. They are unaware that Russia is going toward freedom more rapidly than the Anglo-Saxon world went, and they are impatient that Russia is not immediately ready for what the Anglo-Saxon world now enjoys."

Those arguments, however, play no part in the Russian revolutionary program. It may be, as the Brooklyn *Times* points out, that, for diplomatic reasons, President Roosevelt will find it impossible to receive Gorky at the White House. But as many other papers remark, revolutions are usually fomented by

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hot-blooded, enthusiastic men who care not for such reasoning. "I am a citizen of underground Russia," announces Gorky; "politically I am an outlaw." And yet, "Gorky and his class of revolutionists," in the opinion of the New York *World*, "are invaluable instruments in the regeneration of Russia. They are the inexhaustible element of unrest and ferment." And tho, in the opinion of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, he will appeal to Americans as Gorky the novelist, rather than Gorky the revolutionist, yet, as the New York *Evening Mail* puts it, he will appeal to the American masses of men more than any of our own writers, because "he has lived the life which they view from the outside, and his writings are 'a cry from the depths.'" No crank or villain he, the Brooklyn *Citizen* assures us, and in his face, in the words of the New York *Journal*, "there are written power, courage, persistency—hope for Russia and for all that love liberty." When you have studied him for five minutes, adds *The Journal*, "you know that Russian tyranny can not endure. For there is a man typical of millions—ready to suffer for what is right, and ready to die for it at the first useful opportunity." *The Journal* concludes:

"If you have an opportunity to see Gorky, to hear him, do not lose that opportunity. If you are able to help Russia by responding to the appeal that will be issued in Gorky's name, do not fail to help. The spirit that moves Russia to-day is the spirit that established this country. Would that twenty millions of Americans could study this splendid man, understand him, and *borrow from him* some of that spirit of protest against wrong which we so sadly need and which he possesses so abundantly!"

A DEFEAT FOR THE SALOON ELEMENT IN CHICAGO POLITICS.

MUNICIPAL ownership was so large and absorbing an issue in the last Chicago election, that the matter of high saloon licenses, now assured for Chicago, received but secondary attention. And yet it is a matter that Chicago newspapers have been long crying for as an almost utopian measure for the city's welfare. Crime was bound to disappear from Chicago under a high-license régime, they showed, first, because a certain type of saloon must necessarily go out of business, and, second, the additional revenue would enable the city to increase its police force. According to the Chicago *Tribune's* figures, there are now in the Common Council 37 aldermen for high license, 30 against it, and 3 doubtful. High license in Chicago, by the way, means $1,000 a year (instead of $500), which is still $200 less than in New York city. Chicago is congratulating itself. Says the Chicago *Daily News*, in commenting on the fact that only two high-license candidates were defeated:

"The result must be accepted as settling the license question conclusively. The public's position on that issue, already disclosed by the vote in the council, has been emphasized and high license given a full endorsement at the polls. Those who would have had the city thrust back into the old conditions have tried their strength against the people and discovered that it is ineffectual. Neither the appeal to false sentiment nor the aid of politicians of a certain grade nor the bluff about putting up the price of beer could suffice to overcome the sound sentiment of the community.

"The outcome is especially gratifying as affording proof that in Chicago the day of saloon domination in politics is over."

MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP
HANG YOUR CLOTHES ON A HICKORY LIMB BUT DON'T GO NEAR THE WATER.
Voters OF CHICAGO.
DUNNE
MUNICIPAL OPERATION OF STREET RAILWAYS

RESULT OF CHICAGO'S ELECTION.
—McWhorter in the St. Paul *Despatch*.

GOT A GRIP ON IT.
—Bradley in the Chicago *News*.

The great victory that was won for high license, remarks *The Record-Herald*, "is evidence of the immense value of independence in Chicago politics," and it goes on to add:

"The issue was taken up as a moral question involving the honor of the community in its attitude toward aldermen who had braved the enmity of a vindictive organization of liquor-sellers, and it was settled right and with such decisiveness that the saloon-keepers will wait long before challenging the public again."

Anyhow, it is gratifying to know, thinks the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, that Chicago can not now go backward in the matter of saloon licenses; and the New York *Sun* sums the matter up thus:

"The retail and wholesale liquor interests made a strong campaign to defeat the aldermen responsible for the recent increase in the license fee from $500 to $1,000. Fifteen of the eighteen candidates opposed by the liquor men were successful at the polls. Their constituents ratified the higher license. Unless Chicago proves an exception, licenses will never cost less there than they do under the new schedule. The Chicago saloon-keepers now pay $200 a year less than those in Manhattan. Once increased the license fees are not reduced, for the ordinary taxpayer feels that the liquor traffic is one that should be taxed as much as it can stand.

"Mayor Dunne has won only a partial victory for his policies and plans. But the aldermen who raised the license fee have received a complete vindication and a vote of confidence."

But *The Union Signal* (Evanston, Ill.), a temperance organ, is not satisfied even with the higher license. The saloon, in its

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opinion, should go altogether. For "high license is high delusion, high fraud, high graft, and a high stronghold for municipal indebtedness and crime."

TARIFF REVISION BREAKING THROUGH THE CLOUDS.

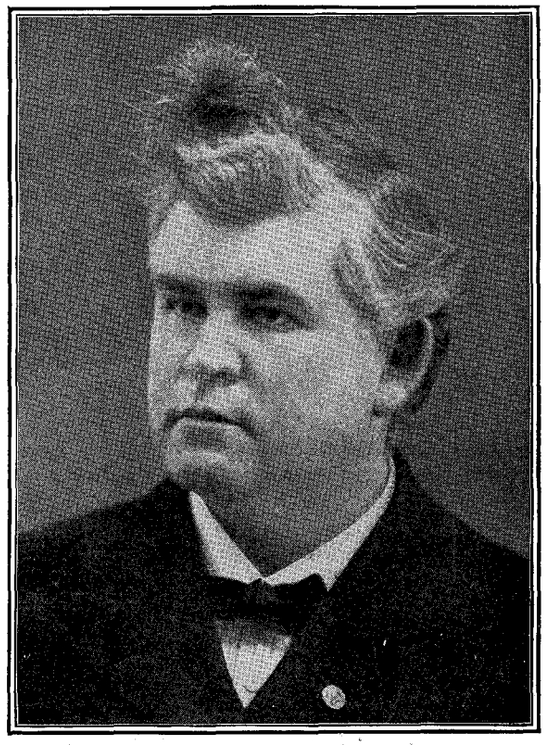
SPEAKER CANNON has but to utter a word on the tariff and a sea of newspaper comment immediately surrounds his islet of speech. He is praised for wisdom, he is accused of cunning; his methods are large and broad, or they are sinuous and subtle—all according to the temper and politics of the divers papers. Confirmed "stand-patter" that he is, he has receded, or progressed, so far as to admit that the Republican party will be forced to revise the tariff. Congressman Rainey (Dem.), of Illinois, in a speech against the protective tariff quoted this passage form a letter of Speaker Cannon to a friend:

"I am satisfied there will be no tariff revision this Congress, but it goes without saying that the desire for a change which exists in the common mind will drive the Republican party, if continued in power, to a tariff revision. I do not want it, but it will come in the not distant future."

"*Et tu*, Cannon!" exclaims the Louisville *Courier-Journal* (Dem.) in high glee, and announces that "here is an honest confession which does the Speaker credit." The Speaker, adds Mr. Watterson's paper, "has been putting his ears to the ground, and he has heard the voice of the people clearly and distinctly." And it is impossible, admits the New York *Sun* (Ind.), "not to like a stiff-necked old hunker who doesn't want tariff revision, but admits that most other folks do." The New York *Evening Post* (Ind.) compares the Speaker's attitude to that of Herbert Spencer at Biarritz, watching the incoming waves and saying bitterly that the Socialism which he hated was just as certainly rolling in upon this world. The hubbub made by Congressman Rainey's quotation moved the Speaker to issue a statement in which he said that revision, if touched at all, must be complete, and further:

"I do not believe a majority of the people, at this time, desire to interfere with the present conditions, which are the most prosperous we have had in the Republic to the laborer, to the farmer, to the capitalist, to the producer, and to the consumer. That the time will come when a general revision will be entered upon I have no doubt, but for the general interest of the whole country the revision should be postponed as long as possible.

"Congress reflects the will of the people, and the House of Representatives is chosen every two years. There will be a general Congressional election next November. Our friends, the enemy, insist on an immediate revision of the tariff. If a majority of the people demand immediate, general revision, they will elect a majority of the members of this House in favor of immediate, general revision."



CONGRESSMAN RAINEY,
Whose speech against the tariff showed that a "stand-patter" like the Speaker, even, may waver.

THE "STAND-PAT" GRIP.
—"B. S." in the Columbia (S. C.) *State*.

It is the last phrases of the statement that uncover to some the fox in the Speaker. Says the Brooklyn *Standard-Union* (Rep.):

"If it be not too unpleasant a word to use, Mr. Cannon's suggestion that if the country wants tariff revision it will elect a Democratic House next November might be described as cunning rather than enlightening. Of course Mr. Cannon knows, and everybody knows, that the country does not want a Democratic House next November, even to attain consideration of particular schedules on their merits. Everybody knows the country is tired of trying to enforce any opinion on the tariff through the medium of the Democratic party, which infallibly makes a mess of it."

A mess or not, however, Mr. John Sharp Williams, Democratic leader of the House, feels certain his party will surely revise the tariff unless the Republicans, in the words of David Harum, "do it fust." President Roosevelt, the New York *World* (Dem.) believes, "has had several mild attacks of tariff revision in the past," so who can tell when he may have a relapse? The wisdom of the Speaker, according to *The World*, lies in his open-eyed view of this possibility. To the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* (Ind. Dem.) nothing seems more likely than a declaration for tariff revision on the part of the President just on the eve of the adjournment of Congress, or immediately after. Anyhow, if the Republican party heeds the voice of the St. Louis *Republic* (Dem.), it will follow the Jeffersonian philosophy in the matter of tariff. Jefferson's was a sane principle. He was not an academic free-trader, but a practical statesman, just and wise. Unless the Republican party follows Jefferson, maintains *The Republic*, "it will perish as miserably as the Federalists whom Jefferson buried in an abyss from which there was no resurrection." So that for more than one reason, the Chicago *Evening Post* (Ind.) concludes, "tariff revision should be the chief feature of the next Congressional campaign."

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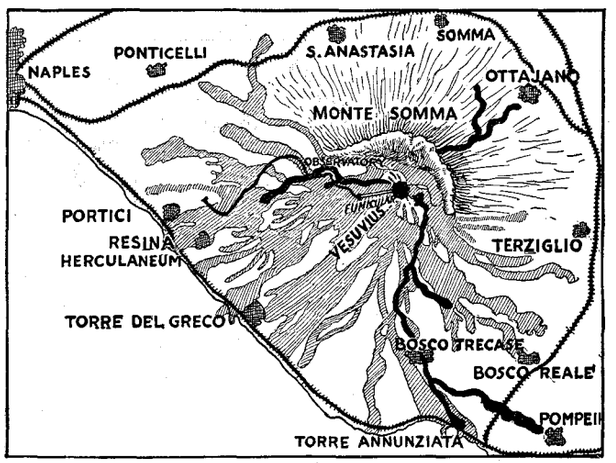
VESUVIUS.

"MANY frenzied persons ran up and down," wrote the younger Pliny to his friend Tacitus, describing the eruption of Vesuvius in A.D. 79, "heightening their own and their friends' calamities by terrible predictions." The eruption that destroyed Pompeii and Herculaneum seems to have borne a striking similarity to the present one. Loss of life numbers by the thousands and money by the millions. Pliny's "frenzied persons," according to press despatches, cry to King Victor Emmanuel to "command the volcano to cease." And yet Italy seems able to cope with its calamity and no general appeal for outside help has yet been made. That is one reason, perhaps, for the optimism of the American press. Says the New York *Times:*

"The sudden belchings of the fires of the under world which destroyed Pompeii and Herculaneum and laid waste Martinique had little indeed in common with the languid discharge of the most famous crater in the world, exuding its flood of lazy lava in a progress almost more glacial than volcanic. So gradual is its march, so timely its warning, that the loss of human life seems to be trifling in comparison with the magnitude of the convulsion. Even with the rude means of transport at their command the peasants whose cabins and plantations a week ago made spots of color



MAP OF VESUVIUS AND SURROUNDING TERRITORY.
The heavier markings show, conjecturally, the course of the lava streams now active. —From the New York *Sun*.

on the slopes of the great mountain had ample time to flee before the flood. The flood simply rolled over their abandoned farmsteads, and made a 'clean slate' of what had been their abodes.

"There is little loss, it seems, that money can not repair. As yet there is no appeal for succor beyond the borders of Italy. The King and Queen could be of no actual physical use in the emergency. And yet there is a fine sense of royal duty shown in their hastening to the scene. Without question it seems, too, that their presence has had a really tranquilizing effect upon the peasantry evicted by the forces of nature. Certainly they will find their reward in a quickened sense of loyalty on the part of the Neapolitans, altho there is no reason for imputing to them any expectation of that or any other reward. It appears, now, that the flood is stayed, that the peril is averted, and that all that is left is to take care of the thousands made homeless. Then, as the mountain cools and arable soil appears again upon its sides, they may be expected to creep back and renew their husbandry under the frown of the crater, as they have been doing for fifty generations."

On April 12, two days after the appearance of the foregoing, the volcano burst forth in renewed violence, doing little additional damage, however. Over 150,000 of the terrorized peasantry sought refuge in Naples, ten miles away. From that point the Italian Government and local authorities are sending relief to those of the people who find it impracticable to flee.

Apparently, the greatest danger in the present eruption comes, not from the slowly flowing lava, but from the rain of dust and ashes which shower upon the neighboring towns, crushing the roofs of the buildings. Says the New York *Tribune:*

"Scores if not hundreds of roofs within a radius of a dozen miles collapsed under the unusual burden gently deposited upon them. At least two of the buildings so crushed—a church in San Giuseppe and a market in Naples—contained large numbers of people at the time, and a considerable proportion of them were fatally injured.

"The smaller particles of dust from the main crater were lifted to a great height—something like five miles, it is asserted—and they may have drifted a hundred miles before reaching either sea or land. Those which caused most of the damage to property and which blockaded both city and country highways might not have been much bigger than grains of sand."

The heroic attempts of Professor Mattucci and his staff to remain at their post in the Vesuvian Observatory have aroused widespread admiration. Their function was to give warning of impending disturbances, and they are said to have done their duty faithfully, remaining for unselfish and scientific purposes long past the time of safety. Professor Mattucci, in a press despatch just before the renewed eruption which forced him finally to evacuate, said:

"I shall remain here as long as possible.

"If my words could influence the population they would be words of encouragement and sympathy, for I am most confident that Vesuvius will soon return to its normal conditions."

In an editorial entitled "The Topography of the Eruption" the New York *Sun* comments at length upon the conflicting reports of the particular localities affected. *The Sun* states, in conclusion:

"The points of emission in the present outburst are as yet entirely unknown. New craters have formed and new vents have opened in the sides of the mountain in places possibly remote from the central flue. For example, the imagination can not conceive a stream proceeding from the old crater down into the Atrio del Cavallo, the gloomy gorge that divides Vesuvius from Monte Somma, then up and over the ridge of Monte Somma and so down to Ottajano.

"The source and the direction of the radiating streams assailing the towns and villages at points so nearly opposite each other as are Somma and Bosco Trecase, due north and due south, and Ottajano and the region below the Observatory, nearly east and nearly west of the mountain, must for some time to come be mainly matters of conjecture."

As to the probable duration of the present outbreak, no one will attempt to forecast. Former eruptions have sometimes continued, intermittently, for years, while others have quieted almost immediately, causing but slight alarm to the threatened peasantry.

There is a prevalent sentiment among the editorial writers that a lesson should be drawn from such an eruption as this. Says the New York *Globe* in this connection:

"Ever since 79 A.D., when its entire top was suddenly blown skyward, Vesuvius has slept, metaphorically, with one eye open. . . . . .

"With one or two exceptions in every century since its awakening Vesuvius has taken a more or less heavy toll of life and property from its burden of human ants. Each time after the catastrophe they have swarmed back in increasing numbers into the danger zone. . . . . .

"The long quietude which had preceded the first historic upheaval, and which it was expected would succeed it, has been replaced by a more or less constant activity. It seems somewhat remarkable, therefore, that in spite of the great crater's constant muttering a population of something like eight hundred thousand persons has gradually collected upon its flanks, within easy reach of lava streams and ash showers."

Many graphic accounts of the numerous Vesuvian eruptions are appearing in the contemporary magazines and newspapers. Even F. Marion Crawford, the novelist, has tried his hand upon it. The classic story of the younger Pliny still remains, however, the most noteworthy of these descriptions.

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THE DISSOLUTION OF DOWIE'S ZION.

IN the midst of the troubles precipitated by John Alexander Dowie, self-styled Elijah the Restorer, the public is wondering what will become of Zion City, Ill., the little theocracy founded by the outcast prophet. To begin with, will the citizens of Zion remain Dowieites? Dowieism is the rock upon which they stand, and yet the rock upon which they split is Dowie. Already the whole community is heterodox, the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle* points out. Dowie alone remains orthodox. Besides, legally, much of the property stands in Dowie's name, and the community can not tamper with the State law. In the opinion of many newspapers, Zion City, with its population of nearly 10,000, will continue to flourish, Eljiah or no Elijah. After all, Mr. Voliva, the new leader, is a young man of great commercial and executive ability, and his régime, thinks the Atlanta *Constitution*, "starts as auspiciously" as that of the deposed prophet. Monument tho it is to Dowie's "bizarre methods," Zion City, in the opinion of the New York *World*, is a "substantial" monument. It is a peaceful, orderly community, and, granted "an energetic leader of good principles," *The World* can not see why the prophet's dreams should not "materialize in a useful permanent settlement." The Chicago *Tribune* and many other papers are of precisely the same way of thinking, and the Toledo *Blade* adds as a rider that Mr. Voliva may succeed in turning its people "away from Dowie's heresies."

For, of course, in clinging to Dowieism, he would encounter difficulty. As the New York *Tribune* puts it, "Can the disciple of a false prophet say, 'My master was a fakir, but I am the real thing'? Or if he does, can he expect sane people to look at him without grinning?" Indeed, the Chicago *Chronicle* feels that "death and dissolution are inevitable"—certainly so far as concerns the religious side. And just as, in the words of the old song, "the light of a whole life dies when love is gone," so, thinks the New York *Times*, Dowieism must fail with no Dowie behind it. And when it comes to uninspired communism, well, the advice of *The Times* is that Mr. Voliva had better "not read history if he would sleep o' nights." Judging from appearances, adds *The Times*, "the experiment at Zion City has now degenerated into a fight for the assets." Dowie is ill and stricken, but the Chicago *Chronicle*, quoted above, predicts that "Zion City will never be quiet even after his death."

The beginning of Dowie's downfall, says the Springfield *Republican*, "was his monumental failure in his missionary invasion of New York city three years ago," and the New York *Sun*, the Minneapolis *Journal*, and many other papers concur on that point. "It was," adds *The Republican*, "in his career, the ill-fated Russian campaign of Napoleon."

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THE DOWIE FAMILY AS IT USED TO BE.
A million dollars given to Elijah now separates the happy group.

DOWIE thinks that perhaps he is Moses II. instead of Elijah II.; but there is a growing conviction in Zion City that he is Jonah II.—*The Philadelphia Record.*

EXCEPT that his church, his official assistants, his attorney, his wife, and his children have turned against him, Dowie seems to be as popular as ever. Public sentiment hasn't changed.—*The Kansas City Journal.*

"SUSPENDED!"—UP OR DOWN?
—Bowen in the Chicago *News.*

THE LAYING ON OF HANDS—AND FEET.
—Macauley in the New York *World.*

THE END OF AN APOSTLE.

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THE SOCIALIST UTOPIA SEEN BY A CAPITALIST.

STARTING with the theory advanced by Herbert Spencer that "Socialism is the coming slavery," David Maclean Parry, in a romance entitled "The Scarlet Empire," describes that fabled isle of Atlantis under the sea, in which all the theories so dear to the Socialist are in operation to-day. Mr. Parry's is the capitalist's point of view and therefore, needless to say, is not friendly to the Socialistic propaganda. Mr. Parry is a self-made man who has gone through the usual steps of clerking and store-keeping before attaining to his present position as a captain of industry, employing over two thousand people, and holding the high office of president of the National Association of Manufacturers of the United States. The very name of Mr. Parry's home bespeaks wealth; it is Golden Hill, Indianapolis.

The hero of "The Scarlet Empire," John Walker by name, is a youth in the grip of Socialistic doctrines who rails against trusts and the money power, which drive him to despondency. In his gloom the youth leaps from a pier at Coney Island and goes down, down, landing upon the hospitable shores of the sunken Atlantis. The life-saving squad of the Social Democracy restores the half-drowned American and henceforth he becomes a citizen of Atlantis, the most advanced civilization in the universe. In an attempt at Jules Verne-like theorizing, the author tries to explain how life continues in the submerged country, how the sea is kept out by crystalline walls of tremendous strength and thickness, and how life and warmth are supplied by the force of radium, so abundant in Atlantis.

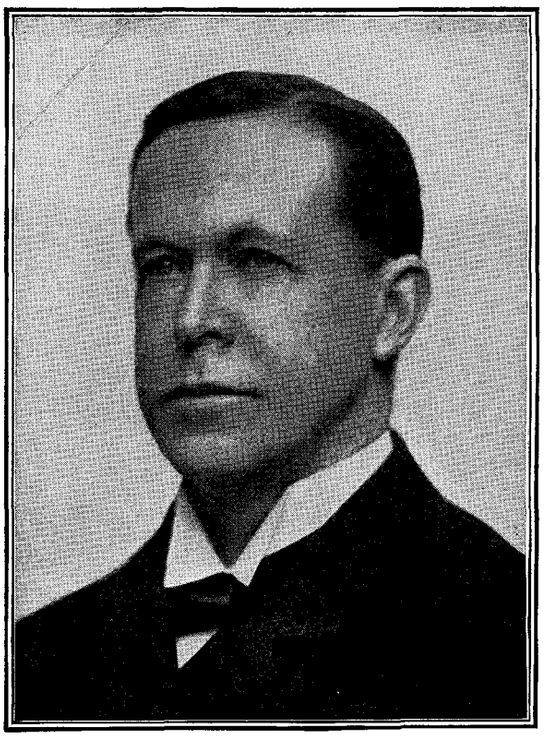
It need scarcely be said that the actual Socialism seems to the young theorist like some vast, horrible nightmare. The citizens of Altantis are dressed alike; they have no names, but are known only by numbers; no distinction to speak of is made between men and women; marriages are arranged by the state; work is assigned by lot, and the most stringent laws are enacted to restrain personal enthusiasm. Indeed, any one asserting anything like the rights and preferences of an individual is guilty of the most horrible crime of all known to Atlantis—atavism. Such a person is known as an "atavar," and his punishment is death by being cast out into the sea to the great monster, the kraken.

"This damnable democracy," cries a certain doctor, the one appointed by the state to train the young American for citizenship in Atlantis, "this damnable democracy, which like an octopus with a million tentacles is throttling the manhood of our entire race," is the most dreadful of all curses. This doctor, be it said, is himself an atavar; he secretly hates the slavery of Socialism and he hopes in the end to subvert it.

"Why not escape?" asks the young American, whom the actual sight of Socialism early cured of his theories. "A few thousand fathoms above our heads is the land of the sun, the land of life, of vigor, where each man fights his own battles and revels in the strife. There the individual is sovereign and the state his servant, not his master."

For the purposes of the romance, the young hero falls in love with a dangerous atavar, a girl who has the courage to announce that she will not allow the state to choose a husband for her, but will follow her own heart. That is the one ray of hope in the life of the American in this land of the millennium. For otherwise he finds the land of positive equality the most deadly of narcotic poisons to his spirit. For centuries the race of Atlantis had been placed on the same dead level as that which obtains in penitentiaries. Positive virtue had disappeared. Individual energy, ability, and ambition had been stifled and discouraged by the absence of reward, until they no longer existed. Sympathy, charity, and self-sacrifice had become unknown. The spiritual in man had ceased to be manifested, and the people had sunk to brutish tastes and inclinations. Lest any of them should awaken to their dreadful condition, the state appointed every evening what was called the "smoke time," in which every member of Atlantis partook of a deadening narcotic that made him forget his troubles.

The young man continues to study the habits of Atlantis and to hope more and more that one day he may escape from its clutches and carry the beautiful atavar of his dreams with him to the upper world of freedom and personal liberty. He experiences the results of the Draconian laws of Atlantis, and his suffering makes him more and more resolved to escape. After citizenship is conferred upon him he is known merely as a number and sundry letters, and the work assigned him is that of a member of the Vorunk, or legislative body of the country. It seems incredible to him



DAVID M. PARRY,
Whose "The Scarlet Empire" is the reverse of Bellamy's "Looking Backward."

that any new laws can be passed in a country where all legislation has been petrified into an ancient dry-as-dust system, but his American ingenuity stands him in good stead, and in consonance with such laws, for instance, as the one that no person shall have more food than another in order to equalize the weight and stature of the inhabitants, he introduces bills to regulate the trimming of the finger-nails, to provide for the equal use of the maxillary muscles on both sides of the mouth in chewing food, to require the use of the left arm as much as the right. The most important law he secured was one providing for the removal of the wealth of the ancients beyond the temptation of future generations. In his plan of escape he thought wealth might prove handy.

One night he has a clandestine meeting with Astræa, his beloved; they are discovered, and he is condemned to death by the kraken. Fortunately he had been preparing for such a fate a certain submarine which had come to Atlantis; he alone knew its use and had prepared it against a possible emergency. Also his bill to remove the wealth of the ancients had enabled him to transfer vast quantities of jewels to the submarine against future use. Pistols which he had found in the hull of the submarine prove exceedingly useful on the day when he and Astræa were to be thrown through the sea-wall to the devouring kraken. Just then, too, the doctor's plan for destroying the great monument built by the Federation of Labor as the bed-rock of Social-Democracy

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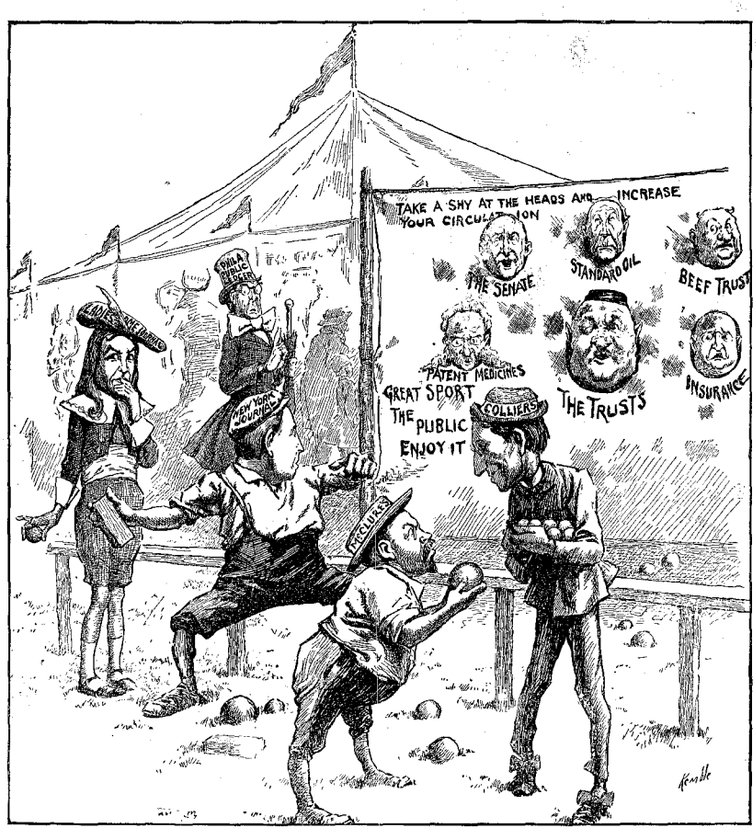
succeeds and the monument is blown to atoms. The firearms do deadly damage, and the youth, the girl, and two atavar friends escape and reach the surface.

Such, in brief, is the gist of this rather interesting narrative. Crudely written as it is, it sets forth a skilfully constructed plot and shows a certain enthusiasm for his subject on the part of the author, but throughout the book the great aim seems to be not only to satirize all the doctrines that Socialists hold dear, but even, where possible, to burlesque them. The main fact dwelt upon by the author is that this form of government is the most accursed form of servitude, and that by comparison with it such advantage as the money power of our country has for the masses is mere child's play. And we are left to infer that in reality, compared with Socialism, the American form of government is free as the boundless air, giving all a chance to work out their salvation and their possibilities and bringing nothing but blessings upon the race.

"THE MAN WITH THE MUCK-RAKE."

LIKE the phrase "the strenuous life," the words "man with the muck-rake" have become stamped upon the public mind by virtue of the President's speech of last Saturday, in which he spoke against magazine writers who write sensationally on public corruption. Even before President Roosevelt delivered his speech, the announcement of its subject was enough to divide the press of the country, some endorsing his views, and some differing from them. The same line of cleavage continues now, only discussion is more widespread. Looking at the speech by and large, as sailors say, the Baltimore *Sun* concludes that "it is good that the President of the United States should be sensitive to criticisms either of himself or of the Government generally. It shows that he, as the highest official in this country and the first citizen of the Republic, believes in taking the public into his confidence and defending the administration of the national Government whenever it is assailed." The President has no quarrel with the writer, whose attack is "absolutely truthful." His complaint is quite other. To quote the speech:



"OUR NATIONAL SPORT."
—E. W. Kemble in *Collier's Weekly*.

"The effort to make financial or political profit out of the destruction of character can only result in public calamity. Gross and reckless assaults on character, whether on the stump or in newspaper, magazine, or book, create a morbid and vicious public sentiment, and at the same time act as a profound deterrent to able men of normal sensitiveness and tend to prevent them from entering the public service at any price. As an instance in point, I may mention that one serious difficulty encountered in getting the right type of men to dig the Panama Canal is the certainty that they will be exposed, both without, and, I am sorry to say, sometimes within, Congress, to utterly reckless assaults on their character and capacity. . . . . .

"The men with the muck-rakes are often indispensable to the well-being of society; but only if they know when to stop raking the muck, and to look upward to the celestial crown above them, to the crown of worthy endeavor. There are beautiful things above and round about them; and if they gradually grow to feel that the whole world is nothing but muck, their power of usefulness is gone. If the whole picture is painted black there remains no hue whereby to single out the rascals for distinction from their fellows. Such painting finally induces a kind of moral color-blindness; and people affected by it come to the conclusion that no man is really black, and no man really white, but they are all gray."

There is "any amount of good in the world," the President assures us, and it is more than wicked not to take the forces for good into account. Discontent with evil is well enough, but the "mere crusade of appetite against appetite" the President condemns.

To the New York *Sun* that speech is a dirge for the soul of the poor man with the muck-rake. Cries *The Sun*:

"It was a great day while it lasted, but it became too hot. The Muck-rakers worked merrily for a time in their own bright sunshine, and an unthinking populace applauded their performance. Now there are few to do them reverence."

The President, thinks the Chicago *Evening Post*, "has a refreshing way of deodorizing and disinfecting such compost heaps as the man with the muck-rake gathers." The truth is, in the opinion of the Denver *Republican*, the people themselves are responsible for the men they keep in office. The Chicago *Inter Ocean* endorses the view of Congressman Nicholas Longworth, that a foreigner reading our papers would think the whole country corrupt. Papers so different as the New York *World* and *The Baptist Argus* agree that the President is himself in a measure responsible for the muck-rakers, with whom, *The World* says, his relations "have been close, if not confidential." Many conservative papers, as, for instance, the New York *Journal of Commerce*, can see no objection to the exposing of corruption.

A LARGE part of the population of Missouri, as well as former residents and people who have relatives there, have written in during the last few days to correct the mistaken statement in our issue for April 7, that Attorney-General Hadley was a Democrat. The slip was discovered just after the paper went to press, too late for correction, but it seems evident from the flood of letters on the subject that few, if any, were misled by it.

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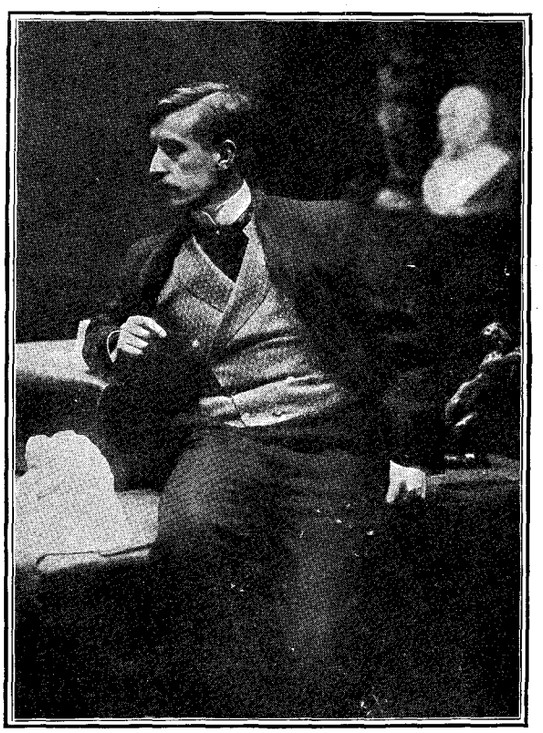
LETTERS AND ART.

PAUL NOCQUET, SCULPTOR AND AERONAUT.

A FEW weeks ago readers of the art notes in the daily press were interested by the account of an exhibition of sixty pieces of statuary by Mr. Paul Nocquet, a young sculptor whose work was said to be remarkable for its vigor and virility. A little later that interest had a tragic revival through the announcement of Mr. Nocquet's lonely death among the marshes and sand-dunes of Great South Bay, Long Island, in the darkness of a



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MR. PAUL NOCQUET,

A young sculptor whose tragic death has focused public attention upon his works. He was one of the four American sculptors permitted to exhibit in the Paris Salon without having their work passed upon by the jury of selection.

spring night. Always an enthusiastic aeronaut, Mr. Nocquet, unaccompanied, made a balloon ascension from New York on the evening of April 3, was swept seaward over Jamaica, Garden City, Westbury, Jericho, and Cold Spring Harbor, and passed from sight in the gathering darkness. The story of what happened afterward is largely a matter of conjecture. The balloon was afterward found on Jones's Beach, and his body on Copp's Island some two miles away. It is surmised that he was carried for a time out to sea, rose to a higher level and was borne back to land, made a successful descent, deserted his balloon, and died of cold and exhaustion in his attempt to reach the lights of Amityville across five miles of marshes, sand-dunes, and salt inlets. Not the least pathetic feature of his death, several of the papers point out, is the fact that he would have been found and rescued in a few hours by the coast guards if he had stayed by his balloon. *The World* comments on the curious coincidence that the scene of Mr. Nocquet's death was not far from where Margaret Fuller, returning from Europe on a plague-stricken ship, was drowned with her husband and son in 1850.

A memorial exhibition of the sculptor-aeronaut's work will be held at the American Art Galleries, New York city, beginning April 28. *The Sun* prints the following brief outline of his career:

"Nocquet was born in Brussels in 1877 and studied painting first. He took up sculpture, and at twenty carried off the grand prize of Belgium. He came to this country and became a great admirer of President Roosevelt. Not long ago he modeled a statuette representing Mr. Roosevelt, in hunting costume, holding a dead bear by the ear, while in his right hand he lifted up the bear's cub. Nocquet offered this statuette last month for the exhibition of the Society of American Artists, but it was rejected. Nocquet took this rejection very much to heart, according to his friends.

"He was a member of the Aero Club of Paris and had made several ascensions in France. At one time he planned to try to cross the Atlantic in a balloon, but friends persuaded him to give up this fantastic idea.

"Nocquet was one of the four American sculptors permitted to exhibit in the Paris Salon without having their work passed upon by the jury of selection. In this city he encountered unusual hardships, and it has been printed that a few months after he came here he was found unconscious in his studio from sheer starvation.

"He'd say that when anything worried him he would take the first balloon, ascend 1,000 feet and forget all about it. 'What's the use of worrying,' he would add, 'when you can go sailing above the clouds?'

"He had pictures of many of his friends who had made disastrous ascensions."

The Brooklyn *Eagle* makes the somewhat remarkable assertion that in his death he was "a victim to his passion for beauty," and goes on to say: "It was not the mere physical excitement of high ascents that led him to ballooning, . . . it was the desire to pass

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A PRESIDENTIAL VACATION.

This piece of plastic humor by the late Paul Nocquet represents Mr. Roosevelt with beaming countenance and spectacles, holding up a bear cub by the scruff of the neck. It was rejected by the last exhibition of the Society of American Artists.

down the aisles of cloud cathedrals, and listen to the voice of the thunders alone, . . . to peer into the immensities." The same paper says of his work:

"His sculpture is sometimes bizarre and fantastic, and has the blocky force of Rodin—a sculptor whose method he obviously admired. It is expressive of both energy and emotion, the rustic figures suggesting those of Millet in form, but the pose denoting toil and passion. A typical work shows a number of laborers

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These three statuettes, called respectively "Cursed," "Desolation," and "Agony," reveal the somewhat bizarre streak often observed in Mr. Nocquet's genius and suggest also the influence of Rodin.

THREE TYPICAL WORKS BY PAUL NOCQUET.

straining to move the stump of a monster tree, every figure so tense with the struggle that it is nearly prostrate. And this allegory of 'Effort' denotes the artist's attitude and fate. Like many another artist he had known hunger and privation and disappointment; but they could not check the creative heat: and the light had just begun to break when his eyes closed on it forever."

According to *The Times*, Nocquet was an eccentric in his ideas, speech, and action, and "every piece of clay that passed his fingers has this mark." We learn from *The World* that "he was the talk of Paris four years ago" on account of his figure of "The Yawning Woman," which won him the Hors Concours—the highest award of the Paris Salon. Of this piece of work we read further:

"It was a statuette, eighteen inches high, of a nude woman, yawning. It was hypnotic in its suggestion. Every one who viewed it yawned. He brought the bronze to America in 1905, but because it transgressed American ideas of realism dealers here refused to exhibit it."

The same paper states that Mr. Nocquet was "not an architect's sculptor," and that most of his works "show more knowledge of anatomy and the emotions than of character."

WHY WOMEN DO NOT WRITE OPERAS.

WOMEN have never produced operatic music at all comparable to that of Weber, Mozart, Verdi, or Wagner, nor symphonic music equal to that of Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, or the other masters. This is an accepted fact which has been much discussed, some champions of the sex holding that lack of opportunity is the only explanation, while other writers maintain that there are fixed psychological differences which render women incapable of competing with men in those spheres. The latter theory is advanced in a very definite form by Dr. Wilhelm Kleefeld, in an article in a leading German magazine, *Velhagen und Klasings Monatshefte* (Berlin). He begins, of course, with the inevitable tribute—"we owe the sublime music of men to the inspiration of women, the noblest music is charged with the feminine spirit, and without a Mathilde Wesendonck 'Tristan' could never have been composed"—but he proceeds to an interesting survey of woman's share in the development of the art, and reaches the conclusion that her great handicap is her lack of "the sense and grasp of form." Dr. Kleefeld's essay is too long for us to do more than summarize it in part as follows:

Woman's social and mental enfranchisement is too recent to warrant dogmatism or confident generalization as to her capabilities. But in certain spheres of art women have always enjoyed the fullest freedom and absolute equality with men. Poetry, painting, composition, are among these. Other spheres they have freely occupied for a time long enough to test their capacity and fitness therefor. What have they accomplished therein?

It is a significant and suggestive fact that on the operatic and dramatic stage women have certainly caught up with and even

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NOCQUET'S CONCEPTION OF AMERICAN FOOTBALL.

This group has been presented by I. N. Seligman to the Columbia University Club.

outstripped men. As late as the beginning of the eighteenth century women were still excluded from church choirs. In France women sang in opera in the last years of the seventeenth century, but German princes who heard them and liked the innovation feared to introduce it in their own country. The prejudice against women in opera long survived the actual ban upon them, but that was removed in the second decade of the eighteenth century. Women, therefore, have had access to the operatic stage for hardly two centuries. Yet in this sphere they have won their most brilliant triumphs. It is as singers and actresses that they have won an incontestable equality with the men in those professions. As instrumental performers they have also distinguished themselves,

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tho they are limited to a few instruments, and woman is still ridiculous when she plays on the bigger brass instruments, for instance.

But when we come to composition, where her opportunities have never been restricted at all, woman is decidedly inferior. There have been women song writers, women composers for the piano, and so on, who possessed undoubted talent and musical gifts, but in opera and in symphonic music, hardly anything noteworthy has been done by them. They are particularly weak in orchestration and concerted music generally. Why is this so?

What are the qualities needed in the higher realms of composition? Imagination and the sense and grasp of form. Imagination is distributed impartially, without regard to sex, but the grasp of form is apparently denied to women. No great music can be written without it, and to acquire it hard work and persistent application are required, in addition to natural aptitude. Now women music students are soon left behind in the study of form, counterpoint, polyphony. They are disinclined to study these elements; they find them too severe a strain on their mind. They seldom persist and seldom succeed in this study. Now, no matter how much nature may endow one for music, form must be laboriously learned. Inspiration will not give it, and there is no substitute for it.

Does it not seem to follow that woman's mental constitution shuts her out of the higher musical realms? Emotionally, esthetically, she may be able to appreciate, to inspire, the grandest, the most complex music, but, when producing music herself, nature seems to limit her to minor things, where beauty, simple melody, charm, are sufficient.

Man, on the other hand, who actually depends for esthetic stimulation and inspiration on woman, and whose early musical education is generally guided by woman, has the power to organize, to give form and structure, to the ideas and emotions excited in him. Thus, after all, tho he is the producer of the greatest music, woman's part in musical culture is as important as his, and our indebtedness to women for masterpieces due to their love and encouragement and even unconscious influence should be recognized as long as the works themselves live in the hearts and memories of music lovers.—*Translations made for* THE LITERARY DIGEST.

WAS FIONA MACLEOD A CASE OF DISSOCIATED PERSONALITY?

IT is now suggested that students of abnormal psychology may find, in the case of the late William Sharp and "Fiona Macleod," another and a most conspicuous instance of the dissociation of a personality—a phenomenon described in the review department of THE LITERARY DIGEST for April 7, page 531. This suggestion comes through Mrs. Hinkson (Katharine Tynan), the well-known Irish novelist and poet, who advances it in *The Fortnightly Review* (London). As fully reported some months ago in these pages, the mystery surrounding the personality of Fiona Macleod was at least partially dissipated by the authorized announcement, following immediately upon the death of William Sharp, that he and the much-discussed Fiona were one and the same. But even when this statement is accepted without question, there remain certain features in the case so surprising and unusual that the element of mystery can not be said entirely to have vanished. As Mrs. Hinkson points out, any one familiar with the works published under Sharp's own name and with those signed "Fiona Macleod" "is obliged always to think of William Sharp and Fiona Macleod as two instead of one, altho the two may have been lodged under the same mortal roof." The more one thinks upon it all, she says, the more is one convinced that this was no foolish and vulgar mystification. She calls attention, too, to the fact that "many grave, responsible persons, the last in the world to lend themselves to a fraud on the public," were in the secret, and kept it. Was it, she asks, "a difficult and obscure mental case, or something belonging to mysteries to which we have as yet no key"? It reminds one, she adds, of the old days of possession, when a wandering spirit entered into and took possession of a man, and spoke with a voice not his. In support of her contention that finally the mystery will be relegated to the region of mental phenomena she quotes the following passages from a letter written to her by a friend of Mr. Sharp, a man whose name, if revealed, "would carry much weight":

"There was no *deception*, however; for the popular way of putting it that he simply masqueraded as Fiona Macleod lacks all real understanding. I don't believe either our physiology or psychology, or even the incipient reunion of both, can yet fully explain any such strange combination of normal and abnormal elements, but that there was a strong tendency to a dissolution of personality into distinct components, and that F. M. represented the highest product of this recurrent process I have little doubt. You know more or less doubtless of the stories of dual and even triple personality which medical psychologists, especially, have established; of varieties of religious experience and so on. Well, here was the process at work upon a higher type than those as yet observed and recorded, and associated with a definite variety of poetic experience. Dr. ——, of ——, whose acquaintance I have just made, but who appears to have known W. S. and F. M. alike more fully and deeply if not also longer than I, holds substantially the same view; and I have no doubt that his forthcoming biography, for which I understand he prepared considerable material, and which doubtless Mrs. Sharp will soon finish, will confirm it. I do not take upon me to say beforehand, of course, that all his own interpretation is to be trusted—no one's probably is free from error or imperfection or vanity—but I expect it to be substantially honest and veracious, and so of great interest alike to literary critic and to psychologist; while even the medical man may find in this some element or explanation of the many diseases which have too early broken down that magnificent frame."

Fiona Macleod carried on a considerable bulk of correspondence, and her letters were not in William Sharp's handwriting. In the light of the known facts this letter, written to Mrs. Hinkson from Edinburgh in 1897, and signed "Cordially yours, Fiona Macleod," is of peculiar interest:

"The reissue of my shorter tales has brought me so many letters; then my present visit to Edinburgh is a brief one; and once more my uncertain health has been like a foe knocking at my gates; for all which triple reason I beg you to forgive me for not having sooner acknowledged your kind little note. . . . . .

"Oh, yes, dear Mrs. Hinkson, I am now well aware of much of the mystery that has grown up about my unfortunate self. I have even heard that Fleet Street journalist rumor to which you allude—with the addition that the said unhappy scribe was bald and old and addicted to drink.

"Heaven knows who and what I am according to some wiseacres! A recent cutting said I was Irish, a Mr. Charles O'Connor, whom I know not.

"A friend of a friend told that friend that I was Miss Nora Hopper and Mr. Yeats in unison, at which I felt flattered, but amused. For some time, a year or two ago, there was a rumor that 'Fiona Macleod' was my good friend and relative, William Sharp. Then when this was disproved I was said to be Mrs. Sharp. Latterly I became the daughter of the late Dr. Norman Macleod. The latest is that I am Miss Maud Gonne—which the paragraphist 'knows as a fact.' Do you know her? She is Irish and lives in Paris, and is, I hear, very beautiful—so I prefer to be Miss Gonne rather than that Fleet Street journalist!

"Seriously, I am often annoyed by these rumors. But what can I do? There are private reasons, as well as my own particular wishes, why I must preserve my privacy.

"I do most urgently wish not to have my privacy made public, partly because I am so 'built,' and partly for other reasons; but I would not perhaps let this stand in the way of the urgent wishes of friends were it not that there are other reasons also. But this much I will confide in you and gladly: I am *not* an unmarried girl, as commonly supposed, but am married.

"The name I write under is my maiden name. Perhaps I have suffered as well as known much joy in my brief mature life; but what then? All women whose heart is in their brains must inevitably suffer. . . . Two friends in London have my photograph, and perhaps you may see it some day; but now I do not even let friends have a photograph, since one allowed some one to take a sketch of it for an American paper. I can't well explain why I'm so exigent. I must leave you to divine from what I have told

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you. . . . Of course I don't object to its being known that I come of an old Catholic family, that I am a Macleod, that I was born in the Southern Hebrides, and that my heart still lies where the cradle rocked.

"If perchance I should be in London this autumn or early winter, on my way to the Riviera (for I am not strong), I hope to be able to make your acquaintance in person. I have heard of you from several friends and particularly from Mr. William Sharp, who is a great admirer of your writings, both in prose and verse."

A NEW WAY TO RECORD HISTORY.

WHEN two years ago "The Dynasts," by Mr. Thomas Hardy, was announced as "a drama of the Napoleonic wars in three parts, nineteen acts, and one hundred and thirty scenes," men stood aghast at the thought of what apparently promised to be a literary monstrosity. Now Part II. of this anomalous drama has issued from the press, and is meeting with a somewhat more enthusiastic reception than did Part I. Even yet, however, the disposition to make satirical comment is not wholly conquered. Mr. Robert Ross, in *The Academy*, remarks that Mr. Hardy has called the play a panorama, but to him "a cinematograph" seems a more fitting descriptive term. Mr. G. M. Trevelyan, on the other hand, writing in *The Speaker*, takes a serious view and declares that "The Dynasts" "puts the critic face to face with the living problem of a new form of art, a new method of historical presentment, withal so exactly suited to the mood of our age that we are sure to see in the literature of the coming century many partial adaptations both of its form and of its spirit." The writer even postulates that "in its influence on other writers it may surpass not only the ninety and nine 'imitative books of the year,' but also the great 'inimitable' individualists like Browning, Carlyle, or Mr. Meredith." Considering that aspect of Mr. Hardy's work which he deems most original and "likely hereafter to bear most fruit in the writings of other men," Mr. Trevelyan says:

"A problem which will become more and more pressing as the centuries go by is what to do with the ever-increasing bulk of historical knowledge. It must be illuminated by the imagination. But in what form? The answer is, in a thousand different forms, graduating in freedom of treatment from the scientific monograph up to this form invented by Mr. Hardy, perhaps the freest possible where the narrative form is retained at all. Fortunately Mr. Hardy has not held himself free from the historical duty of knowing his authorities, or he would have failed in his attempt to present '*la chose vue*.' He possesses the true vision that grows only out of knowledge fructified by imagination. But within the limits set by real knowledge of the events, his freedom of presentment is the widest possible.

"His first object, in which he has succeeded as no former writer has done in any form of literature, is to stir up the mingled feeling of curiosity, romance, pity, amusement, and healthy excitement which comes to us whenever we thoroughly realize what very different scenes are enacted on the earth's surface, at the same hour, and sometimes even as the cause or result of the same events. It may be called 'the historical thrill.' Historians often feel it, but have seldom the means to convey it to others. Carlyle conveyed it by dint of poetic genius. Mr. Hardy conveys it by high poetic talent and a machinery ingeniously constructed for the express purpose. The spectator is carried from scene to scene; now he is with the Dynasts in the palace, now with the mob under their window, now in the mail-coach, now outside the General's tent, now (and this is Mr. Hardy's great method) whisked up into the higher air to survey all the far shining continents and the isles spread below, or dropping midway to earth to view a battlefield, and see the little columns of red and blue and white ants, with their tiny guns in their tiny hands, creeping toward each other through the olive and cork woods of Talavera, or spraying in rout over Wagram plateau."

Mr. Trevelyan, it appears, would welcome a new vehicle for the expression of ideas with a fervor far outweighing any sense of loyalty to the limitations of an old and well-used form. But drama as a form has had its limitations respected since the days of Aristotle, and it is not strange to find those who would not have their mental categories disturbed. Such a one, a little awed, to be sure, by the authority of Mr. Hardy's genius, presents the conservative view in *The Outlook* (London). To this writer the possibilities of "historical presentment" seem of less importance than the time-honored formulæ of form and spirit which have controlled all great drama. Harking back to the time when Mr. Hardy first enumerated his plan he says:

"Mr. Hardy, it went without saying, was an artist whose deliberate judgment might well outweigh the objections of a hundred critics, and the plan upon which 'The Dynasts' was built was clearly the outcome of years of preparation and careful thought. It was not only drama on a hitherto unimagined scale, embracing all the kingdoms and all the personalities of Europe at the most confused and heroic moment of her history, but it was drama based on a philosophy from which drama (to our knowledge, at least) had never before been evolved and which seems to many people the very negation of the principles on which great drama is based. If you call to mind any of the great dramas in literature, 'Agamemnon,' 'Œdipus,' 'Othello,' or 'Macbeth,' you find yourself watching a great soul in conflict with destiny. . . . The hero, be it Agamemnon or Macbeth or whom you will, is responsible for his own deeds, but the deed once done is irrevocable and its consequences will be what they will be. That philosophy runs through all great dramatic literature; in the choruses of the 'Agamemnon,' for instance, it finds expression in a thousand phrases of piteous or terrible import.

"But the philosophy on which Mr. Hardy sets out to interpret the drama of the Napoleonic era seems at first sight very different. With the theory that all human thought and action is predestined —the expression of an immanent will—human responsibility seems to vanish, and with it, as we were saying, the essence of dramatic interest."

Mr. Hardy's own preface to the play anticipates the objections that have been brought forward and presents his own justification for the unusual form he has chosen. Thus:

"Readers will readily discern that 'The Dynasts' is a play intended simply for mental performance, and not for the stage.

"Whether mental performance alone may not eventually be the fate of all drama other than that of contemporary or frivolous life is a question not without interest. The mind naturally flies to the triumphs of the Hellenic and Elizabethan theater in exhibiting scenes laid 'far in the Unapparent,' and asks why they should not be repeated. But the meditative world is older, more invidious, more nervous, more quizzical than it once was, and, being unhappily perplexed by

'Riddles of Death Thebes never knew,'

may be less ready and less able than Hellas and old England were to look through the insistent and often grotesque substance to the thing signified."

Act ii., scene vi., is mentioned in *The Academy* as one of the finest in the play. In this scene Napoleon informs Josephine that owing to her failure to perpetuate his line he intends to put her away. We quote a portion of Josephine's answer:

"But why this craze for lineal manikins
Made of mere graveyard flesh? You have said yourself
It mattered not. Great Cæsar, you declared,
Sank sonless to his rest; was greater deemed
Even for the isolation. Frederick
Saw, too, no heir. It is the fate of such,
Often, to be denied the common hope
As fine for fulness in the rarer gifts
That Nature yields them. O my husband long,
Will you not purge your soul to value best
That high heredity from brain to brain
Which supersedes mere sequences of blood,
That often vary more from sire to son
Than between furthest strangers! . . ."

The result of Mr. Hardy's new method, says *The Independent* (New York), is not drama, but natural history. "Only," it adds, "the ants and bees happen to be men and women—such men as Fox, Napoleon, Talleyrand, and such women as Queen Louise, Josephine, and Marie Louise—while above them the strange spirits of the air sing requiems and prophetic masses over the destiny of the Dynasts." "It is like reading history by flashes of lightning."

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION.

SOME ASPECTS OF LIFE AT 60° BELOW ZERO.

"'LOOK out, or you will drop that chisel!'

"Before the sentence was finished the tool had slipped from the hand of my assistant, and striking upon some bar iron flew into pieces as if it had been glass instead of steel." This reads like a bit out of "Alice in Wonderland," but it is sober fact, we are told by Chester W. Tennant, of Dawson, Yukon Territory, who writes in *Popular Mechanics* (Chicago, April) on "What Happens at 60° Below Zero." This temperature is not uncommon in the Yukon. Says Mr. Tennant:

"I am writing this on January 25; for two weeks we have had a 'cold spell.' Temperature has ranged from 44° below zero (the warmest) down to 68° below. Some of the outlying Yukon police stations report 80° below. These cold waves alternate with warmer periods of 10° below.

"Strange manifestations appear as a result of the extreme cold; one is the way a fire burns in the stove. It roars and crackles like a great forge, and wood in the stove seems to dissolve in the flames like a chunk of ice; the wood is gone and we wonder where the heat went.

"At 60° below, every stovepipe throws out a great white cloud of smoke and vapor, resembling a steamboat in its whiteness, and this cloud streams away for 50 to 100 feet, mingling with the other white-gray mist or haze that remains permanent in the atmosphere of the town like a great fog, when it is 40° or more below zero. This white-gray fog is not fog as you know it, but is frozen fog, and every man, woman, child, animal, and even the fire that burns is throwing out moisture into the air which is immediately turned into a cloud of frozen vapor which floats away and remains visibly suspended in the air. Very slowly this settles to earth; and in the morning, about the steps and any protected place, one can see a very fine film of flour-like dust deposited, which is composed of frozen vapor."

Exposed ears, hands, and nose, Mr. Tennant tells us, freeze at this temperature in going the distance of about one block unless well protected. The breath roars like a mild jet of steam, while a dipper of boiling water thrown out into the air emits a peculiar whistling hiss as its drops circle through the frosty atmosphere. To quote again:

"Prospectors, in attempting to boil a dish of rice or beans upon a camp-fire unprotected from the weather, find that the side of the dish which is in the fire will boil while the part of the dish exposed to the weather has frozen. To remedy this, the dish is set completely into the fire. Edged tools subjected to this temperature become as hard and brittle as glass and will break as readily under strain. I have seen a pop safety valve blowing off steam when weather was below 60°, with icicles which had formed by the condensation while it was blowing off hanging from the outer rim of the valve. The icicles were not melted by the outrushing steam but remained there for days, through many blow-offs, as I passed this station every day and watched the operation. All vegetables, potatoes, apples, fruit, eggs, etc., can be allowed to freeze until they become like bullets. To make ready for use, place them in cold water half a day before using, and the frost will slowly withdraw without injury to the article. To attempt to thaw them out by more rapid process by fire or hot water spoils them for use."

Mr. Tennant tells some remarkable tales of thawing out a frozen foot, ear, or hand, by immersing the member in coal-oil for some time—often several hours. He says:

"This is absolutely a safe remedy, and one thus escapes the surgeon's knife, as no bad results follow. This is not hearsay, as a man was saved a few years ago at our office by the night watchman who found him in the snow (45° below zero) and both hands frozen to the wrists. He was taken into the office and treated as above for about five hours, when all the frost was drawn out without so much as losing a finger-tip. The physicians were amazed, as they thought amputation would have to be resorted to. His hands were as white and hard as marble and when placed in the oil they snapped and crackled as the oil began to act upon the ice crystals. This remedy should be remembered by all residents of cold climates, as it would save many a limb. The temperature of the oil should be about the same as that of the living-room (about 60° above zero). . . . Great caution must be exercised during extreme cold weather so as not to frost the lungs, which one will quickly do if he hustles about at ordinary pace. Quick and fatal pneumonia can be contracted in a few minutes. Many a fine team of horses has been lost in this way. . . . . .

"One has to be careful about touching things with unprotected hands. It is dangerous to take hold of a door-knob when it is 60° below zero or thereabouts with the uncovered hand, unless you are careful to instantly release your hold, for if you do it will freeze your inner palm in five seconds, be very painful thereafter, and the result is the same as from touching a red-hot stove.

"Canned goods undergo frightful contraction during extreme cold, and suck in air; in summer with a temperature of 90° the reverse condition occurs, causing leakage and loss.

"Great spikes, used in constructing the frames of buildings, when subjected to this frigid temperature contract where imbedded in the wood, and when the clinging fiber of the wood can no longer control the contraction the shrinking spikes give a great jump in the wood and this is accompanied by a loud booming noise which sounds like the firing of a heavy gun, or as if some one had struck the building with a sledge-hammer. As there happens to be more than one spike in the structure, there is therefore not one, but many of these explosions which resemble the sounds from a target range. The same is true of the sidewalks.

"Coal-oil begins to thicken at 40° below, and at 60° and 70° below becomes as thick as lard and looks very much like lard, or but a very little darker, and can be cut out of the can with a knife the same as you would cut lard or butter. A lighted lamp or lantern left exposed in this temperature will freeze up and go out in about 80 minutes. I have not seen gasoline become stiff yet from any of the low temperatures that we have yet experienced."

EXPERIMENTS ON THE HUMAN BODY.

IS an experiment with the human body as its subject ever legitimate? The man who partakes of a new article of food, or who uses the spirometer to ascertain the strength of his lungs, is trying such an experiment. From such harmless acts up to human vivisection there is a continuous gradation. Just where ought the line to be drawn? This question is discussed in the *Revue Scientifique* (Paris) by Dr. Bongrand. After noting that the legitimacy of all kinds of experimentation on the human body has been called in question, he goes on to say:

"This is a moral question that deserves consideration, but that remains powerless in the presence of facts. Now experiment on man is a fact. There are no infectious diseases that have not given rise to experiments made upon man. . . . . .

"In the course of the investigations on yellow fever undertaken in 1901 by the commission sent to Cuba by the American Government, such experiments were made for the first time on so large a scale that we may consider this as the starting-point of an evolution of method in experimental medicine. . . . . .

"Experiment upon man, when it has no therapeutic character and also when it is clearly dangerous for the subject, would seem to be clearly immoral. To quarrel over words would be useless. It constitutes a brutal sacrifice of the individual to collectivity or to science. There may be cases, however, when experiment under the influence of scientific curiosity is quite justifiable.

"Such experiment would also appear acceptable when the patient himself consents to it voluntarily and with full knowledge, either because of interest or for compensation, and it is certain that when the aim of the experiment is directly curative there are serious social arguments in justification of such experiments."

Having satisfied himself that in certain cases experimentation on the human subject is allowable, Dr. Bongrand goes on to inquire how it should be carried on. He lays down the following rules: First, the subject should be strictly isolated. Thus the experiments made in Cairo in 1835 on inoculation for the plague

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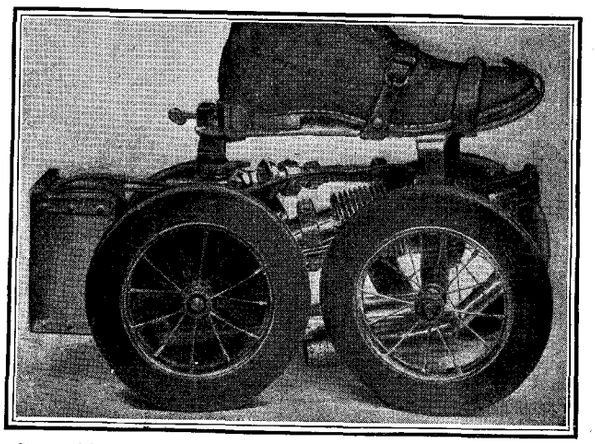
had very little value, while the recent work of Dr. Manson on malaria in London is conclusive, because the former were carried on in a plague-stricken district, the latter in a city where malaria rarely arises spontaneously. The subject should also be critically examined before subjecting him to the experiment; in Cuba, for instance, only persons who had never lived in yellow-fever regions were chosen. It would even be desirable to know all the antecedents of the subject, including what the author calls his "receptivities and immunities." Negroes, he says, make very bad subjects for the study of yellow fever, while certain European diseases could be studied to greater advantage in a hitherto immune race.

Having sketched his ideal subject, the author proceeds to dis-



Courtesy of the New York "Tribune."

THE NEW MOTOR-BOOT USED BY CONSTANTINI IN PARIS.

cuss the qualifications of the experimenter. In the first place, he should never be identical with the subject. The man who experiments on himself, thinks Dr. Bongrand, places himself in defective conditions of observation. He says:

"Without in the least casting doubt on the loyalty and courage of those who inoculate themselves in various ways, we can not help noting that diseases, known to be actually transmissible and inoculable, very often do not develop when physicians themselves endeavor to take them. This may be pure coincidence, but it seems to indicate that the experimenter-patient neglects certain precautions and that the combination is not a desirable one. . . . Must the physician consider, then, that his profession excludes him from acting as the subject of an experiment? By no means. But the scientist who gives or lends himself to science should not be the directing head of the investigation; he must trust himself to another's hands, yielding up to that other at the same time his hypotheses and his plan of work—doubtless a still more difficult concession.

"Thus in our opinion it is not well that the experimenter and the patient should be one; we will go further and say that it is even preferable that they should not be two, and that the substitution of a commission for a scientist is desirable. This seems proper from all points of view; it is a guaranty for the subject, for science, and even for the scientist.

"Experiments on man jeopardize too important interests to be made except for the verification of precise and plausible hypotheses, in corroboration of conscientious investigations."

It is thus necessary, Dr. Bongrand thinks, to require the presence of witnesses—a point in which many investigations have been at fault. He also reminds the experimenter that up to a certain point an investigation may be carried on by using animals, reserving the crucial test for man alone. Finally, he says, there is a whole class of experiments on man whose propriety every one would acknowledge—those that are not pathologic but physiological, made upon normal man, such as the well-known dietary experiments of Dr. Wiley and Professor Chittenden. To these no one objects; regarding the propriety of all the others, probably many persons would take issue with Dr. Bongrand, despite his disclaimers.—*Translation made for* THE LITERARY DIGEST.

MOTOR ROLLER-SKATES.

THE adaptation of small electric or gasoline motors to roller-skates is a feature of a recent invention by a Mr. Constantini, of Paris, who gave an interesting demonstration of these motor-skates in that city about two months ago. Says a writer in *The American Inventor* (New York):

"The photograph shown herewith is of the inventor on his automobile skates with a storage-battery attachment. As may be seen the wires are connected to small electric motors placed beneath the foot-plates of the skates and extend to the waist of the wearer, where they connect to miniature storage-batteries. The use of the storage-battery as the motive power has since been supplemented by a small air-cooled 4-cycle gasoline motor, which the inventor has found to be far more satisfactory than the electric battery. The wheels of this novel device are about eight inches in diameter and are mounted on axles much the same as are the wheels of the ordinary

Courtesy of "The American Inventor."

INVENTOR OF MOTOR ROLLER-SKATES DEMONSTRATING THEIR USE IN PARIS.

AWFUL PREDICAMENT OF JONES ON TESTING HIS NEW MOTOR-BOOTS.

Jones, who has returned from Paris with a pair of motor-boots, tries his purchase in the park, exceeds the speed limit, forgets how to work the brake, and finds himself unavoidably resisting arrest.

—*The Sketch*, London.

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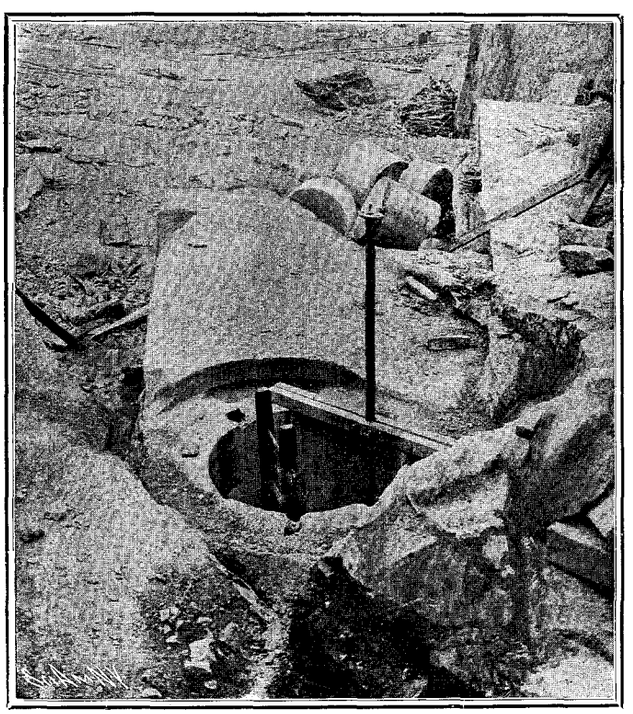
skates. Solid rubber tires are employed to impart comfort to the skater and facilitate the wheels in passing over rough ground. Beneath and back of the foot-plate of each skate is carried a small gasoline-engine enclosed in a metal box and connected with a carburetor placed inside the forward part of the skate, which is inclined downwardly and backwardly. The gasoline supply is contained in a two-quart receptacle made to conform to the waist where it is belted to the wearer. From this tank the gasoline is fed to the engines by small rubber tubes, and ignition is accomplished by a flexible cable that also connects with the belt so that it will always be under the control of the operator. The inventor claims that a speed of twenty miles per hour can be attained upon these skates on smooth surface and they may be built at an approximate cost of $75 per pair. Some doubt exists as to the practical use of the auto-skates, for the reason that considerable difficulty would be had in maintaining a uniform speed in both skates; otherwise one foot would run away from the other and thus result in liability to falls and accidents."

CUTTING COLUMNS FROM SOLID ROCK.

A SPECIAL electric drill or cylindrical cutter for sinking shafts in rock by taking out solid columns of stone is now built by the Société de Constructions Electriques at Charleroi, Belgium. The essential part of this machine, as described by L. Ramakers in *The Scientific American* (New York, March 31), is an iron-plate cylinder 140 inches in height and 36½ in diameter, at the base of which is mounted a cylindrical knife 12 inches in height, bearing alternate teeth upon concentric circumferences. Says the writer:

"This arrangement of teeth in two rows permits the knife to attack the stone better, and to widen the space in which the cylinder moves. After the shaft is driven, the cylinder and the internal core of stone may be removed.

"The cylinder and knife system receives a circular motion of 50 or 60 revolutions through the intermedium of a square rod to the

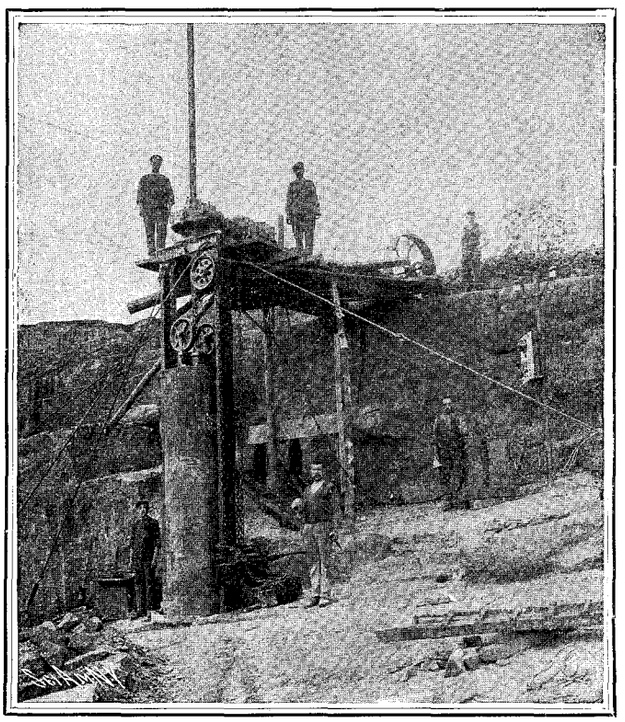


Courtesy of "The Scientific American."

PITS DUG BY THE CIRCULAR CUTTER.

upper end of which is keyed a helicoidal wheel, which engages with an endless screw upon the shaft of the electric motor. . . . The square rod, through a sleeve, carries along the cylinder, and permits it to descend in measure as the work advances. The weight of the iron plate alone causes the descent of the knife. The sleeve is held in the axis by a movable guide sliding in . . . the frame of the apparatus. In order to facilitate the boring of the stone, some fine granules of tempered steel and some water are thrown from time to time into the groove of the drill. . . . . .

"When the operation of boring is finished and it is a question



Courtesy of "The Scientific American."

THE CIRCULAR CUTTER AT WORK.

of removing the cylinder and the internal core, a hand windlass fixed to one of the uprights of the frame is employed. This windlass takes the cylinder by the upper part, while, as for the core, a hook is first inserted therein, after which it is broken by driving wedges into the groove formed in the drill.

"When it is desired to bore deep holes, a second cylinder of 140 inches diameter may be superposed; and sometimes even a third and fourth are added. In this way shafts of 50 feet in depth have been sunk. As a general thing, however, the boring is not done to a depth of more than 25 or 35 feet.

"The advance of the work varies greatly with the hardness of the stone. At the Hainaut quarries (Belgium), where bluestone is extracted, the above-named establishment has installed a type of drill capable of driving a 13-foot shaft in ten hours."

Defective Hearing among Railroad Men.—Railway companies have been taking precautions against color-blindness ever since the discovery that it was more common than had been supposed; but it now appears that they have been overlooking a more insidious danger, namely, impairment of hearing, to which railroad employees have been found to be specially subject, and against which no single preliminary examination can guard, since it may come on at any time. A writer in *Cosmos* (Paris, March 10), describing recent investigations on the subject, says:

"Railroad engineers have the deplorable habit of abusing the whistle, literally splitting the ears of dwellers along the track. We must apparently excuse them for the reason that they often do not hear very well themselves. In fact, Dr. Lichtemberg, of Budapest, has examined the ears of 250 railroad employees; in 92 of these he found troubles of hearing.

"In 14 cases there was chronic catarrh of the middle ear; in 1 case, otorrhea; in 3, an affection of the labyrinth; in 4, anomalies of tension in the membrane of the drum; in 36, accumulations of wax; in 5, infiltration; in 5, cicatrices of the tympanum; in 5, a loss of substance in the tympanum without secretion.

"Lichtemberg attributes this frequency of affections of the ear

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in railway employees to the extreme variations of temperature to which they are exposed. In his opinion the troubles of hearing are more dangerous than color-blindness. This latter is congenital and may be recognized in a test, while lesions of the ear are acquired and tend continually to increase.

"The conclusion is that every applicant for employment on a railway should be examined by an aurist before he is pronounced fit for service, and it is recommended that the examination should be repeated every two years."—*Translation made for* THE LITERARY DIGEST.

INJURIOUS GERMS IN YEAST.

THAT most of the yeast of commerce contains injurious bacteria, and that our methods of breadmaking are calculated to encourage the development of these and of their poisonous products, is asserted by Dr. E. Palier, of New York, in *The Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette* (New York, March). He says:

"Several specimens of yeast sold on the market were examined and found to be contaminated, but the greatest contamination was found in the yeast of one manufacturer, which is being retailed in small packages, and which yeast for some unaccountable reason has the reputation of being the best on the market. So it may be, as far as appearance is concerned, but under the microscope it is the worst as regards bacterial contamination."

From one fresh package no less than four different kinds of microbes were isolated, including one that is commonly associated with putrefaction. To resume the quotation:

"In short, what is being sold on the market as yeast contains in addition to the yeast-cells numerous bacteria, the most frequent being the bacillus coli communis or one of its congeners. Of course, any pathogenic microbe may find its way into the yeast and may find there an excellent culture-medium.

"Now, what is being done with the yeast? It is put into water and flour and the whole is left in a warm place and allowed to ferment. That means that we encourage the . . . bacteria to develop fully in the dough and we encourage their toxins to fully develop and to saturate it.

"On examining microscopically after twelve hours the dough which has fermented by the addition of such yeast, I found it to contain the very microbes which were present in the yeast. The flour in itself, of course, is not sterile; but the evil is aggravated by the addition of a substance laden with bacteria.

"It will not be amiss to refer here to the claim made by some that yeast is an antiseptic and, consequently, hinders the growth of bacteria.

"I shall briefly state that I have found by experiments that yeast hinders the development of some putrefactive germs in albuminous substances, but it does it to a very slight extent. Its antiseptic power on the whole is insignificant. . . . . .

"The baking of the dough does not seem to destroy all the microbes, the heat probably not being strong enough or not continued long enough. As said before, I found bacteria in the pulp of fresh, warm bread just brought from the baker's. If that is the case with non-sporulent microbes, the sporulent ones are surely not destroyed.

"Even if the heat should destroy all the microbes it might not destroy the toxins that they have generated, nor does it correct the chemical changes that have occurred owing to the excessive bacterial development. The boiling of sour milk does not render it fit for consumption. The cooking of decomposed eggs, fish, or meat does not make them safe for ingestion.

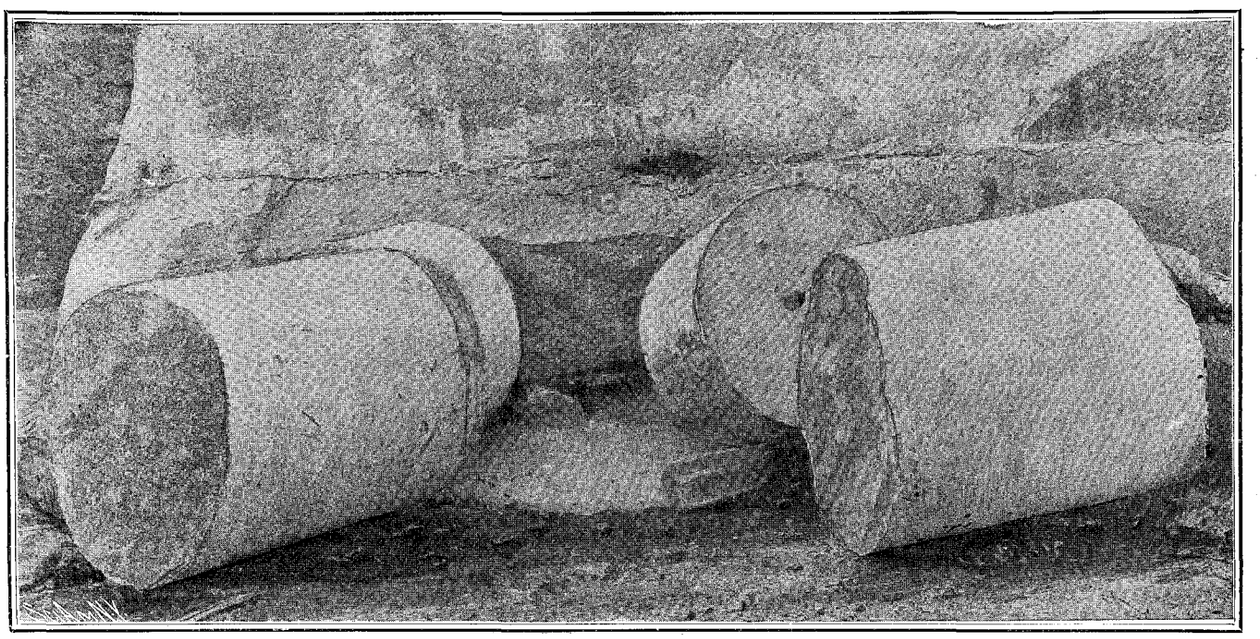
"We have a rigid inspection of milk and other articles of diet; but our bread, the staple article, especially of the poor, has been entirely neglected. The bread looks to be such an innocent, harmless article that it has been left alone.

"The fact is that in the presence of the numerous microbes the dough undergoes putrefaction as well as fermentation. . . . The proteid elements of the flour practically undergo a process of putrefaction in the presence of the many putrefactive bacteria. The development of lactic acid and other acids due to the presence of carbohydrates in the flour in the end hinders the excessive development of the putrefactive germs and also the process of putrefaction, and that is the reason why the very offensive fecal odor is absent from the dough. But undoubtedly there has been some putrefaction. Sour milk does not emit a putrescent odor, but undoubtedly chemical changes have taken place in the proteid elements. . . . . .

"I have no doubt that the many forms of the so-called fermentative dyspepsias and catarrhal conditions of the small intestines, characterized by extreme flatulence, are in numerous instances caused by the consumption of contaminated bread. In people with normal gastric juice the injurious microbes are as a rule destroyed in the stomach. But even in them it is doubtful whether the toxins generated by microbes are neutralized by the gastric juice. Those who suffer from hypochlorhydria [insufficience of chlorhydric acid in the digestive fluids] have very little defense against the injurious bacteria and still less so against their toxins. Even in those whose stomachs are normal the injurious germs, or their toxins, will find opportunities to do harm, because a human stomach, even the best, frequently is not adequate to the performing of the heavy tasks that are imposed on it.

"The yeast can be manufactured so as to be free of injurious bacteria, and it is the duty of the boards of health to see that it is done."

The author states in conclusion that he has been experimenting



Courtesy of "The Scientific American."

PORTIONS OF A GRANITE CORE EXTRACTED BY CIRCULAR CUTTING.

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with the prevention of the development of bacteria without hindering the development of the yeast, by using a weak solution of hydrochloric acid in making the dough instead of plain water. Dough prepared in this way contains hardly any bacteria besides yeast-cells, and, after baking, bread thus prepared gave a better taste than when prepared by the ordinary method. The addition of the acid can not harm any one, because the free acid enters into combination with the proteids of the flour and forms what the French call combined chlorids, so that no free acid is detected when the dough is ready for baking. For people suffering from hypochlorhydria such bread seems to be excellent, and Dr. Palier recommends the method for further trial.

TO TEACH READING BY PHRASES.

THE method of beginning with the word, instead of the letter, when teaching children to read, is now widespread. It is maintained by Dr. Decroly, medical director of the Brussels Institute of Special Instruction, and Mlle. I. Degaud, teacher in the same institution, that this does not go to the root of the matter. The basic element in reading, they say, is the idea, which is generally expressed, not by a word, but by a group of words—a phrase. That the experienced adult takes in at a glance complete phrases, or even sentences, is a matter of common knowledge. The writers, who contribute an article on this subject to the *Revue Scientifique* (Paris, March 10), think that children may easily be taught to do likewise. In their article, which is entitled "Some Considerations on the Psychology and Pedagogy of Reading," they first note that the older teachers imagined that in beginning with the letters of the alphabet they were following the great practical rule of instruction that bids us proceed from the simple to the compound, from concrete to abstract. On this they comment as follows:

"Ought we to proceed thus? Does the human mind work in this way? When we wish to make known to a child a coat, for instance, do we show him separately the sleeves, the lapels, the pockets, the buttons? No; we hold up the whole garment and say, 'Here is a coat.' When we remember a person, we first call him up in his entirety; then the mind images in particular some characteristic gesture or expression. We must do the same in teaching reading. We should give first to the child a whole—a complete idea. . . . We must then begin with the phrase, the complete image, thus going from the concrete whole to the abstract details, conformably to true psychology and especially to child-psychology.

"It will appear at once how superior is the word, which represents to the child something real that is capable of interesting him, to the letter, which is abstract, empty, void of all meaning by itself, representing only the final expression of the work of grammatical analysis that the human adult has learned to pursue. Neither language nor writing has begun with the letter, but with sounds and symbols representing words, or even corresponding to phrases. In fact, in reversing the illogical method of reading which is adopted to-day, we must not stop with the word; we must go on to the phrase, concrete and simple, evocative, interesting."

The authors go on to show that in language the phrase often precedes the word, that groups of words often take the place of words with a child, as where he says "Da 'tis" for "There it is," and that single words often acquire the force of phrases, as when the word "papa" means "papa has come" or "give it to papa." The child is even more interested in actions than in objects, and the proportion of verbs in his vocabulary is about double that in an adult's. It is logical, therefore, the writers contend, to begin to teach reading with entire phrases. This method, they say, should also be followed in teaching adults foreign languages, as, indeed, it generally is at present. The authors sum up as follows:

"1. Phonetic methods in the teaching of reading should be relegated to a secondary place; the child will decompose words by himself when the proper time has come;

"2. Visual processes are the most rational;

"3. The simple but complete phrase, including the dominant elements of the child's vocabulary, should be the first object of reading; it is both the most interesting and the easiest;

"4. A reading-lesson may often be given to advantage in the form of a game;

"5. The beginning of instruction in reading may thus be placed at an earlier age;

"6. Finally, this instruction will naturally be at the outset occasional, and will never form a branch by itself; whence will result appreciable economy of time and economy of trouble, both for masters and pupils."

In conclusion the authors say:

"We believe that we have brought together all the arguments, and now suppose the question sufficiently ripe to be put to the test; we believe also that we may guarantee success to all those who are willing to make a serious trial. Most of the principles just laid down may be applied also to other branches of instruction, and the question may therefore be taken up in the future from a more general point of view."—*Translation made for* THE LITERARY DIGEST.

SCIENCE BREVITIES.

A WHITE-OAK tree of medium size with a pine-knot piercing the center of its trunk is reported by A. J. Legg in *The Farm and Fireside* (Springfield, O., March 15) to be standing in a forest near Clifty, W.Va. He writes: "The knot or branch of the pine was set at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and stuck out some three or four inches on either side of the oak. It was a dry pine knot about three inches in diameter, and looked as if it had been dead for years. The strange part of it was, How did it get there? It is not likely that it was put there by human hand. It must have grown there in some way. The forest had at some past age been a huge pine forest, as there were plenty of pine knots lying on the ground all around, but the pines had disappeared, and now it is a forest of oak and chestnut. Not a green pine is to be seen."

SOME of the statements quoted from *The Scientific American* in our issue for March 10 in an article on the size of molecules are objected to as inaccurate by a correspondent, Prof. A. M. Reese, of Syracuse University, who writes to us as follows: "The first statement is that there are five million corpuscles in a cubic *centimeter* of blood: as a matter of fact there are five million red corpuscles (on an average) in a cubic *millimeter* of blood, just one thousand times as many as given in the statement Again it is stated that if one of these corpuscles were magnified ten thousand times (10,000 diameters) it would be nearly twenty feet in diameter. The average diameter of the red corpuscle of man is 1-3200 of an inch; that is, if laid edge to edge, it would take 3,200 red corpuscles to make a linear inch. Now a little calculation will show that ten thousand times 1-3200 of an inch is not twenty feet, but something over three inches."

EXPERIMENTS with a new electric search-light for war purposes are described in *The Scientific American Supplement* (New York, March 22), which quotes Mr. Keene, United States Consul at Geneva, Switzerland, as follows regarding them: "At Caux, on the Lake of Geneva, at an altitude of 3,600 feet, E. Cuenod submitted to the officers of the Swiss general staff a new search-light. It is reported as having been a success, as the search-light was handled with the greatest ease, sending its powerful rays a distance of over 7½ miles. Objects at 6½ miles could be distinctly seen. The machine providing the power was a 24-horse-power and furnished a 1,000,000 electric candle-power light. A 40-horse-power motor would give 12,000,000 electric candle-power. Diameter of projector was 3.28 feet. The great advantage of this search-light is that it may be electrically handled in all directions by wire from a distance of 656 feet from the motor-car which transports it and sends it to the required spot. It thus enables the driver and observer to send the rays to any place they desire without being blinded by the light, and places them under shelter from the enemy's fire. The new search-light has already been submitted to certain high French officers, and will shortly be examined by the German general staff."

THAT the year 1905 was not only the most productive and the most prosperous year in the history of the American iron trade, but also the most uniformly prosperous year, is asserted by the *Iron and Steel Magazine* (Cambridge, Mass., March) from data derived from *The Bulletin* of the American Iron and Steel Association. It goes on to say: "From January to December the demand for all leading forms of iron and steel and for the raw materials of their manufacture was continuous and insistent. There was no 'dull season,' no overloading of the markets, no slump in prices. Upon the other hand there was no great scarcity of iron and steel at any time, the markets in the main were well supplied, and consequently there were no 'famine' prices. Few orders were sent abroad and our export trade was not neglected. Production was abnormally and phenomenally great, but, best of all, prices were wisely kept within reasonable bounds. We have heard of no complaints that prices were too high. We estimate the year's production in round figures at about 43,000,000 tons of iron ore, 23,000,000 tons of pig iron, and over 3,000,000 tons of steel rails. Even these extraordinary figures may be exceeded in 1906. The present outlook certainly justifies this opinion. The country is increasing its capacity to meet any possible demand that may exist in the near future for either pig iron or manufactured iron and steel. There were no strikes or lockouts in the iron trade in 1905 that are worthy of mention."

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THE RELIGIOUS WORLD.

A REMARKABLE ATTACK UPON THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

A BOOK that is bound to create an immense amount of comment, both in the Catholic and Protestant press, has just appeared from the pen of the Baroness von Zedtwitz, under the title "The Double Doctrine of the Church of Rome." It will be remembered by many interested in the Catholic University in Washington that large sums of money were contributed toward its foundation by the Misses Mary Gwendolen and Mary Elizabeth Caldwell, of Louisville, Ky. They will remember also that in the latter part of 1904 the religious world was astonished by the announcement that the two sisters had repudiated Roman Catholicism. The reasons of this step on the part of the younger sister (now the Baroness von Zedtwitz) find their first authoritative statement in this book. "In writing this book," says the baroness, "I am obeying a command of conscience. Many Catholic journals contradicted the statement, made public some time ago, that I had repudiated the Church of Rome. I trust that this booklet will silence forever such contradictions." From the advance sheets we learn that her book is an attack upon what she considers the contradiction between the exoteric and the esoteric teachings of Roman Catholicism. This twofold doctrine, she asserts, results in a double standard of conduct. That is to say, while Rome encourages saintliness among her humbler priests and her laymen she winks at irregularities in ecclesiastical administration and in church politics, and even, we read, among her clergy, so long as they do not create a scandal. Since certain doctrines supposed to be peculiar to the Jesuits have never been condemned as heretical, she maintains that those doctrines really express the esoteric views of the church. The baroness claims to have been herself "an admitted member in church politics, and at the source and heart of esoteric Catholicism." She admits that "among the uninitiated members of the church, numbering both humble priests and laymen, are to be found types of the truest, purest Christians." But Romanism, she adds, to be understood, "must be traced to its source, and it is to the College of Cardinals in Rome, and the 'Propaganda,' one must look for the true confirmation of its spirit."

THE BARONESS VON ZEDTWITZ,
Whose repudiation of the Roman-Catholic faith caused much comment at the time in the religious papers. She now publishes a book, which is likely to stir up discussion in both the Catholic and the Protestant press.

The teachings of the institution, she says, fall under two distinct headings. We read:

"First: Those for the uninitiated, or the sheep. Second: Those for the initiated, or the shepherds. In other words, there is exoteric and esoteric Catholicism. With the exoteric doctrines it finds means to defend itself against attack, and retreats always behind the bulwarks of Christian ethics. It proclaims charity, sincerity, justice, altruism, professes from the pulpits the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and thus deludes its adversaries, who fall back disheartened and abandon a systematic attack. . . . . .

"Jesuitism is but esoteric Catholicism made tangible. It is the heart and spirit of the whole system; and whether or not there have been, and still be, popes and prelates who are covertly hostile to its necessary hegemony, they are aware that if Catholicism and papacy are to last, Jesuitism is absolutely indispensable for their justification; were it otherwise, Rome, following the course she has always pursued in denouncing unsound doctrines of a theological nature, would have been forced to call upon the Jesuits in Vatican Council to disown and repudiate the unsound moral teachings of a whole host of Jesuit authors; or failing to obey this order banish the Jesuits from the church. Rome has never attempted either. The Jesuits are the bold cynics who meet with a sneer the faltering Christian doubtful of his power to reach salvation; they are the mockers of those seeking more light on intellectual doubts. They, the modern Pyrrhonists, emboldened by their Greek prototype, reply now, to the seeker of truth, as Pilate once replied to Christ, '*What is Truth?*'"

It is said that the baroness's present leaning is toward the Methodist denomination, to which she was attracted by the preaching of Dr. Charles L. Goodell, pastor of Calvary Church, New York city, the largest Methodist church in the country. Her book is dedicated "To the Rev. C. L. G."

CLOSE OF A GREAT REVIVAL CAMPAIGN.

NO other topic has occupied as much space in the religious press during recent weeks as the revival campaign of Messrs. Torrey and Alexander now drawing to a close in Philadelphia. With only one or two exceptions the papers have spoken of it as a triumphant success, by which thousands of souls have been led to Christ. *The Friends' Intelligencer*, a Quaker organ of the City of Brotherly Love, stands almost alone in its immunity from the infectious enthusiasm. Even *The Catholic Standard and Times* (Philadelphia) refrains from criticizing "the methods employed or the results proclaimed," on the ground that "so long as there is any good accomplished by those who profess to be animated by zeal for a Christian life, it is not the part of Catholics to be critical unless there be downright blasphemy or impious presumption." On the whole, the press devote much space to reports and anecdotes of the revival, and very little to any critical discussion of its methods. They are full of such incidents as the following, which are recorded by Mr. George T. B. Davis in the Chicago *Advance* (Congregationalist):

"God's spirit is being poured out mightily in Philadelphia. Each day the movement grows in power and fervor. Such remarkable enthusiasm is aroused at the meetings night after night that as the people get on the street-cars, after leaving the armory, they make them resound for miles with revival hymns. Last night

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I witnessed the most striking demonstration of revival fervor that I have seen outside the meetings since coming to Philadelphia. A crowd of thirty or more boarded a street-car, and taking their seats sang all the way uptown. Starting with the 'Glory Song,' they followed with the new favorite, 'Grace Enough for Me,' 'Tell Mother I'll Be There,' and 'I Surrender All.' The street-car was transformed into a revival meeting, for in addition to the singers inside, three workers were on the platform earnestly engaged in personal work. By the time they reached the end of the line the motorman was converted. . . . . .

"The revival flame is being spread daily through the new invention by which the sermons of Dr. Torrey and the songs of Mr. Alexander are carried over the telephone wires directly to the homes of the people. Mr. Alexander has received a letter telling how one girl was so impressed by listening to the service over the phone that, instead of attending a dance party, she went to the armory and gave her heart to God. . . . . .

"Through these modern inventions the revival flame is being carried to every nook and cranny of the city. One of the operators at a telephone exchange wrote to Mr. Alexander telling how the gospel message over the wires had been of lasting blessing to her."

In *The Christian Work and Evangelist* (Non-sectarian, New York) we read:

"Striking moral results of the revival are already being witnessed. The policemen in the three districts in the neighborhood of the armory declare that they have had little or nothing to do since the revival began; while one day when the magistrates appeared for the hearings in these districts not a single prisoner was arraigned, an event, it is stated, that has rarely, if ever, happened before. Saloon-keepers, too, have noticed a gradual loss of trade, many of them doing scarcely a third of their usual amount of business."

Sabbath Reading (New York) states that several prisoners in the Eastern Penitentiary in Philadelphia have been converted as an indirect result of the revival meetings, and that in a certain Pennsylvania town one hundred persons were converted simply through reading the reports. *The Journal and Messenger* (Cincinnati) names thirty-eight thousand dollars as the probable cost of the meetings. Among the occasional notes of criticism recurs the charge that Dr. Torrey in his preaching lays too much stress upon the subject of future punishment. In this connection it is interesting to cite some passages from one of his sermons on hell, delivered in Philadelphia. He is reported (in *The Union Gospel News*, Cleveland, Ohio) to have said:

"I wish I could believe that there is no hell; that is to say, that I could believe that all men would repent and come to Jesus, so that no hell would be necessary. Of course, I say that if men will not accept Christ and give up sin there must be and there ought to be a hell; that it is for the glory of God that under those circumstances there should be some prison to lock them up in. I wish I could believe that all men would give up sin. No man ever tried harder than I did to believe it, and there was a time that I persuaded myself that all men would be brought to repentance and be saved, and that is what I used to preach; but as I went on studying the Bible I found that my arguments would not hold water, and I came to a place where I was obliged to either give up my Bible or this belief. I could not give up my Bible, because I had found proof, in it that it was the unerring Word of God, and I could not twist its contents to suit my preconceived notion.

"If a man preaches outright what this Book teaches about sin a great many people will say harsh and unkind things about him. No man can preach the truth as it is in this Book without being called narrow and harsh and cruel. As to being narrow, I haven't the slightest desire to be called broader than Jesus Christ, for I know that if I am broader than Jesus Christ I am sure to be wrong. As to being cruel, I would rather be called cruel for being kind than not to be cruel in order that I might be called kind.

"It is absolutely certain that there is a hell. A great many people will tell you that all scholarly preachers nowadays have given up the belief in the old-fashioned orthodox hell. It is true that some scholarly preachers have given up the preaching of hell, but never for reasons of scholarship. They have done it for purely speculative and sentimental reasons. No man who is a good Greek scholar can take his Bible and study the subject thoroughly and not believe in an eternal hell. . . . . .

"O men and women, don't wait until to-morrow. Hell is certain. Hell is awful, and there is only one way of escape. Christ. That door is open to-night. No one can guarantee that it will be open to-morrow night."

A protest against the revival methods of Messrs. Torrey and Alexander appears in *The Friends' Intelligencer*, from which we quote:

"We are constrained to feel that the constant effort to frighten men and women into a profession of religious feeling, and eloquent appeals based upon the theologic conceptions of the Dark Ages, do not tend to the development of the divine life in the soul. We hold that mankind have always been the children of God, and hence need no profession of belief nor acceptance of some idea of sacrifice to become the objects of his love and care. . . . . .

"We can not rationally hope for great success in quickening religious life as the result of applying seventeenth-century theologic tests to twentieth-century seekers after truth. We are forced to the rational conclusion that when the emotional excitement created by vast crowds of people, stirring music, and impassioned appeal have passed away, little real advancement of the cause of genuine conversion to a knowledge of God in us, which alone avails to make us better men and women, will be apparent."

RELIGION AS A CAUSE OF MENTAL DERANGEMENT.

THE religious symptoms that appear so frequently in dementia have often led to the charge that too much religion unbalances the mind. "Paul, thou art beside thyself," was an expression that may have had its root in this idea, and many since Felix have entertained the notion that religious excitement might be too much for feeble mentalities, altho few have probably given this as a reason for rejecting the call of the Gospel. At a recent national convention of German specialists in insanity this question was brought up, and it is a remarkable fact that among all the savants present not one knew of a case of insanity caused by religion, and the majority declared that such a thing is impossible. This interesting fact is reported by Dr. Hermann Werner in the new apologetical journal, *Glauben und Wissen* (Stuttgart), edited by Dr. E. Dennert. Dr. Werner goes on to say, in part:

It is a noticeable phenomenon that in the best of modern works on psychiatry no religion as such, and, still less, the Christian religion, is mentioned as a source of mental disease. For many years the book of Prof. Dr. Emil Kraepelin has been the leading exposition of this science, yet among the causes of lunacy he says nothing at all about religion or Christianity. The same is true of the classic work of Dr. W. Griessinger on the "Pathology and Therapeutics of Mental Diseases." This savant indeed discusses also mental derangement in its religious garb, but declares that "in the great majority of cases the religious phases in which melancholy finds its expression are only symptoms of an already existing disease, and are not to be regarded as the causes of this." Practically the same position is taken in the prominent text-book of Dr. R. von Krafft-Ebing on psychiatry, who briefly mentions among the predispositional causes of lunacy religious creed and confession, but declares that this is the case only when from other causes there is a strong natural inclination to the development of mental aberrations.

In view of this practical unanimity among the specialists it is a matter for surprise that currently the charge is raised that Christianity is to be blamed for much of the mental derangement among its confessors. But every careful observer in this field of research knows that even educated men are sadly ignorant of the advance made and the conclusions reached in the modern development of this science. It is simply an old prejudice, handed down from generation to generation by the opponents of Christianity, that it easily produces mental derangement among its followers. Indeed, this conviction is sometimes found even among the adherents of Christianity itself, who thereby wish to warn against an exaggerated

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type of pietism as involving a great danger. According to these views, heartfelt experiences of contrition, enthusiastic feelings of happiness, useless w orrying about Biblical and theological problems, and doubts as to the state of one's soul have unbalanced the minds of believers. How often the charge is made that the intense reading and study of the prophetic books and especially of the Apocalypse of St. John have produced either an exalted state of spiritual pride that practically amounted to derangement, or a corresponding state of despair! Have not the visions of heaven and hell, the fear of having committed the unpardonable sin, the excess of spiritual exercises, prayers, fastings, visiting of church service caused religious fanaticism amounting to lunacy?

In reply to all of these questions, the actual facts in the case, as these are laid bare by a scientific investigation of the phenomena under consideration, indeed show that at times mental derangement shows a religious type and coloring. The history of mental derangement shows this and instances of this kind will come under the observation of every careful reader. But in so far as these have been examined scientifically, the fact has in every case been demonstrated, that whenever any religious mania showed itself, there had been a state of mental decrepitude, or defective mental powers, so that religious creed and activity at best and at most furnished the occasion, but never the cause, of lunacy of a milder or violent kind.

The writer of this article then enters upon a detailed discussion of the special phenomena to be considered in this connection, psychologically, theologically, and historically, including such mysterious matters as the "devil's possession" in the French province of Savoy in 1857, and finally reaches the conclusion that in view of the actual and attested facts as furnished by the science of psychiatry it must be claimed, not that religion or Christianity is productive of mental derangement, but rather that it is a preventive. Not religion, not piety, not Christianity, but rather those opposite, unbelief, atheism, and the like, appear in the records of human manias as cause of such evils. In this matter, as in so many others, he adds, exact research does not confirm, but overthrows, old prejudices against Christianity.—*Translation made for* THE LITERARY DIGEST.

A SCIENTIST'S PLEA FOR CHURCH-MEMBERSHIP.

IN view of the oft-alleged and oft-denied antagonism between the scientific and the religious mind it is interesting to note that Henry I. Pritchett, president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, in a recent volume named "What is Religion?" advances a plea for church-membership, a plea based upon his belief in the validity and the demands of the religious life. The question of church-membership in this case is only put in the interests of the religious man—"one who believes that religion is a life, not a profession, one who seeks to nourish in his own heart the things that make for truth and justice and mercy." Such a one, the writer asserts, must recognize at the outset that "the organizations which exist among us to-day calling themselves churches have the advantages and the weaknesses of other human organizations." With a certain judicial tone he asserts that "much of what the churches do commends religion to men; a large part of that which they do has but little effect either for or against religion; and a considerable part of what the churches do, unfortunately, discredits religion." He ventures even further in stating the negative side of the question as to the dependence of the religious life upon the church. Thus:

"That the church is not indispensable to the perpetuation and progress of religion seems clear. Its inefficiency as a religious agency is the most evident part of its history. It does not seem impossible that religion among men may some day be so developed that the church as a formal organization may be transformed; it may come to occupy toward theology some such attitude as the chemical society occupies toward chemistry, or some other agency may take its place."

On the other hand, the question of the advisability of church-membership has, in the writer's opinion, little to do with the imperfections and limitations of the church. The life in the soul and its development is essentially individualistic. "There is perhaps no other form of human development which lends itself less easily to the purposes and the machinery of an organization than that divine life in the individual human soul." The writer indicates where the emphasis should be laid by the inquiring mind who seeks to mediate between the needs of the religious life and the opportunities offered by those organizations which address themselves to spiritual culture. We quote:

"When the man of scientific training considers the organization of the church as it stands to-day, he will, if he follows the scientific method, be less interested in the historical consistency of the claims of the church than he will in that which the church at present represents. For example, it would be a difficult matter to trace a logical connection between the simple teaching of Jesus and the claims of the Roman Pontiff to temporal sovereignty over certain sections of Italy. Such an inquiry is interesting and of value; but it is in a certain sense academic, and ought not for a moment to blind the eyes of an intelligent man to the fact that the Roman Catholic Church is to-day one of the great organized moral forces which make for law and order and righteousness. One can not disregard, if he would, the place which the church has come to play in our larger social and political life. And this is a consideration which very young men are inclined to place in altogether too small a perspective. Few of us are commissioned to reorganize society or to recast its social, religious, or political divisions. For most men the greatest usefulness lies, as does the greatest happiness, in doing their work in the world in harmony with the organizations which society has slowly adopted, and in supporting through these such reforms as commend themselves to their judgment.

"That which we call Christianity to-day means different things in its organized form in different countries. It no longer means, and has never meant since the church became an organization, a true reflection of the simple life and high spiritual ideals of its founder. Christianity, even in its organized form, is no longer a creed, but a visible expression of the gradually growing, gradually advancing conscience of the race; and as such it is the product of the labor of religious men both in and out of the church. Darwin and Spencer and Tyndall have helped to mold the church of to-day no less truly than Luther and Zwingli and Wesley. It is true that the expression of the spiritual ideals of an age through an organization will always fall short of those ideals in the thoughts of the great leaders. This inertia is characteristic of all organizations and need cause no surprise or resentment. Organizations never lead, men lead. Religious organizations will always be slower than religious leaders in their appreciation of truth, but this does not in the least detract from the fact that such organizations offer to us men, with our complex human nature, the way to a better fellowship and a deeper inspiration."

The author states the difficulty the man of scientific training feels in subscribing to the creed of the orthodox Christian churches. "All their training in science is against that attitude of mind which permits a man or an organization to hold on to a creed or to a formula in which they no longer believe." "The whole idea of a creed as a test of religious fellowship seems to them indefensible and artificial." Even here the writer professes to find outweighing considerations.

"As one recalls his own life he realizes that what the church has brought to the world has been largely independent of and apart from these personal tests. As one looks back on the associations of his life, as he reads the noble words of the church service and of the church prayers, he finds that his heart stirs with the memory. There are few words in our language so closely interwoven with the best human aspirations, with the sincerest spiritual outgoings, as those services of the church which we associate with the solemn acts of life. What other words have brought comfort to so many hearts as the triumphant passages of the service for the dead? How it binds all men together to believe in one faith, one baptism, one hope! Shall the man of science deny himself and his children the joy and the comfort of this fellowship because he can not subscribe to the creed which the

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church prescribes, a creed which as time goes on sits more and more lightly on the consciences of the leaders of the church? It is this question which the religious man of scientific training and habits of thought finds it difficult to answer; and the nature of the answer will depend not alone on the intelligence and intellectual honesty of the man, but also on his general philosophy of life and the part which his emotions play in that life."

The answer which the writer as a man of science gives to the question is an exhortation "not to let any formal creed stand in the way of fellowship" where the religious life is found to be quickened by association with some body of professing Christians.

CONTRASTS IN THE CHARACTERS OF JESUS AND PAUL.

PAUL never became entirely subdued to the spirit of love which he preached with almost lyrical intensity and rapture, and in this point he showed his inferiority to Jesus, says Prof. H. Weinel, of the University of Jena, in his volume on "St. Paul: the Man and His Work." He was always ready to hate and damn those who opposed his work and his ideas of the truth; and the kingly serenity and genial humor with which Jesus sometimes met opposition are in strong contrast with the foam and tempest of Paul's indignant protestations against moral delinquency, hypocrisy, or the defeat of Christianity through Judaizing attacks. Professor Weinel says that Paul "even wanted to strike a sinner dead by his curse." To quote this writer more fully:

"The apostle's vehement temperament was never completely subdued by his ideal: Peace, joy, love, long-suffering, gentleness. Even as a Christian he could still hate hotly, damn and curse passionately. True, this man no longer knows personal hatred and individual vengeance, yet even then too, when he launches anathema at the opponents of his sacred cause, we can hardly any longer recognize him. The 'wo' of Jesus has certainly quite a different sound from his apostle's words, such as these: 'Yet even if we, or if an angel from heaven, were to preach to you contrary to what I have preached unto you, may he be accursed! I have said it before and I repeat it now: If any one preaches another gospel to you, may he be accursed.' Or, when he concludes his First Epistle to the Corinthians with these words: 'If any man loveth not the Lord, let him be anathema. Love and execration side by side, surely not after the same mind as was in Christ Jesus! Just such zeal for the good cause brought forth at a later period that terrible 'love' of the church which haled the heretic to the stake."

The professor thinks that, like the lady in Hamlet, Paul "doth protest too much." He defends himself against the charges his enemies heap upon him with excessive vehemence, while Jesus meets the arraignment of slanderous tongues without the slightest exhibition of impatience or excitement. In Professor Weinel's words:

"Paul stands again in similar violent contrast to Jesus in the matter of his frequent oaths and asseverations, so entirely different from the triumphant clearness, candor, and truthfulness of Jesus. How kingly are Jesus's words about the slanders his enemies circulated against him! They say: 'When he goes to visit publicans and sinners, he does so in order to gormandize and indulge himself.' How does he answer them? 'Whereunto shall I liken this generation? It is like unto children sitting in the market-places, and calling out to their playmates: we piped unto you, and ye did not dance; we wailed, and ye did not beat your breasts. For John came neither eating nor drinking (living as an ascetic), and they said, he hath a devil! The Son of Man came eating and drinking and they said: Behold, a gluttonous man and a winebibber, a friend of publicans and sinners.' Paul is fain to defend himself otherwise. He too can be proud and majestic, but he is always excited and vehement; he does not stand superior to all reproaches in purity aloof. No, he must passionately plead for credence."

Paul was also too fond of confirming with an oath the asseverations he so emphatically made, says Professor Weinel. Jesus condemned the oath as an invention of the devil. Sometimes the adjuration of the Apostle was so supervacuous that it degenerated into idle, almost flippant expletive. Speaking of this habit of Paul the writer declares:

"Unfortunately he often has recourse to that old weapon of his own and of all peoples—the oath—of which Jesus in his plain way said it came of the evil one; for it is only a compulsory truth-telling, forced from an insincere nature. Paul's oath, 'God is my witness,' may on many occasions merely have been an old Jewish habit; sometimes he may have used it to strengthen an appeal to his readers' hearts, as when he assures the Romans—calling God to witness that he always prays for them; for all that it remains a bad habit, and causes a certain repulsion in us, especially when Paul makes use of this expression to assure his congregation of his love. Its use is more pardonable when he has to defend himself against base reproaches; yet even then we feel that it is scarcely worthy of his own better self when he thus defends himself against an almost silly reproach: 'I call God to witness against my own soul that it was only to spare you I did not come to Corinth.'"

While Jesus took a conservative view with regard to the law and quoted it as authority to his hearers, Paul never seems to have recognized or appreciated the point of view from which his Jewish adversaries regarded the subjects of early controversy. He was sometimes unjust and unfair in argument, and on more than one occasion condescended to word jugglery, says the writer we are quoting. Thus:

"Paul did not always do full justice to his opponents in controversy. He neither appreciated their motives nor the strength of their historical position, which they derived from the essentially more conservative relation of Jesus to the law. But Paul had the spirit of history on his side, and the essence of the Gospel of Jesus as well."

He concludes by declaring of Paul:

"His keen intellect and his Pharisaic training led him to employ more than one quibble, of which it is hard to imagine that they were more to him than mere means in his controversies about the letter of Scripture."

RELIGIOUS NOTES.

THE Rev. Dr. Eaton, often identified as "Mr. Rockefeller's pastor," advocates the establishment of a "community parlor" in every church, where people who have no suitable places of their own in which to receive their friends may meet and gossip.

"FRIENDS of true religion," says the New York *Evening Post*, "will rejoice greatly to learn that it has at last received the approval of the most fashionable people, who are now holding a weekly prayer-meeting in the St. Regis Hotel." The news item which called forth this comment was as follows: "Three hundred young women, handsomely clothed in the height of fashion, crowded the banqueting hall of the St. Regis Hotel, yesterday afternoon, in attendance on a religious meeting that was being held there by three earnest young society women, who wish to lead the women members of their own set into a knowledge of the joys of a Christian life."

SMALL mirrors on the backs of church pews, to enable the worshipers, while bending to pray, to see if their hats are on straight, is the latest up-to-date church improvement. We learn from *The Westminster* (Philadelphia) that "a New York firm puts in the soul-satisfying equipment for three hundred dollars." Further: "A Western agency advertises it has already put in several 'See if your hat's on straight plants.' Why not also make the ceiling or different parts of the overhead interior one mirror or set of mirrors? The women can use the seat-back little mirrors while they pray, and the men could use the overhead ones to look at the back-tops of their own bald heads to see if the feather-work was in good shape. What an aid to devotion all this would be!"

THE Pittsburg *Observer* (Roman Catholic) regards the various recent manifestations of radical theology in Germany as signs that Lutheranism is dying out in that country. To quote: "In Berlin there is the case of a certain Pastor Fischer, who has openly denied the divinity of Christ, yet has not been dismissed from his pulpit. In Bremen it was discovered that a pastor had for years refused to use the name of the Blessed Trinity in baptizing children. After long consideration the authorities have decided that these baptisms are to be regarded as correct! Recently a candidate for a pulpit in the Rhine province preached a trial sermon in which he declared that Christianity had defied its founder, as Greece and Rome defied Hercules and Romulus. The authorities refused him the pastorate, but allowed him to take a position as a teacher in a high school where he will have to give instruction in catechism, Bible history, and kindred subjects! The students of Berlin and Leipsic have appealed to the government for more liberty, declaring that all adherence to a creed or confession of faith is inconsistent with the freedom of research for which the universities stand. Thus goes on the work of destruction begun by Martin Luther."

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FOREIGN COMMENT.

GERMANY AS OUR FUTURE RIVAL IN THIS HEMISPHERE.

THE time has come, in the opinion of several trained observers of political tendencies, to decide whether Germany shall be our dearest friend or our dearest foe. There are many reasons just now for an understanding between these two vigorous nations, says Mr. Achille Viallate, in the *Revue Bleue* (Paris), and Dr. Albrecht Wirth, the well-known jurist and publicist of Frankfort-on-the-Main, even propounds the idea of a Germano-American alliance, and suggests in the *Grenzboten* (Leipsic) that Kaiser William visit America for the sake of "interesting public opinion in this direction." This alliance, says Professor Wirth, "would remedy the present isolation of Germany, and render her able to contemplate with equanimity the Franco-English *entente* in Europe." The advantages of such a combination with the United States are evident, we are told by the writer in the *Revue Bleue*. At present it would be folly for Germany to enter upon a struggle with England without the reenforcement of another great sea Power. If France refuses to aid her, she would find no better auxiliary than the young American fleet, whose importance and efficiency grow daily.

Mr. Viallate proceeds to ask whether this plan is realizable and gives the pros and cons of the question. The American citizens of German origin would seem likely to favor the plan. These German-Americans are numerous. Germany has contributed 5,000,000 emigrants to our population since 1820, and there are now about 9,000,000 of their descendants living in the United States, many of whom belong to the professional classes. Germans have shown deep devotion for the land of their adoption, but the question still remains, he says: "Would the ambitions of the United States and those of Germany become so harmonized as to work in accord? Are they rather not destined to cross, or even come into collision?"

He recounts the incident of Samoa, and recalls Admiral Diedrich's bearing toward Admiral Dewey at Manila. Venezuela and the German naval demonstrations in South-American waters are also referred to as suggesting hitches and obstacles to an *entente*. It is true that when William II. found himself confronted with the inflexible decree of the Monroe Doctrine, he submitted, and tried to make demonstrations of friendship and good feeling, but did not, however, regain American confidence. To quote:

"The German Government since then has not ceased to exhibit the utmost friendliness toward the United States. In the difference which recently arose between the two States on the question of tariff, Germany yielded to American demands, and accepted in return what were merely formal concessions. Will this gentle treatment of the United States have more success than Germany's sterner bearing toward France has done? We doubt it. The distrust which public opinion in America expressed toward Germany some little time ago has by no means disappeared. The least imprudence on the part of this European Power causes a recrudescence of ill feeling which might easily become genuine hostility."

The writer reminds us that half a million Germans are already settled in Brazil, and exercise a preponderating influence there. It is impossible that the South-American States should long remain under the domination of the feeblest branch of the Latin family. The Latin-Americans will become the Turks and Chinese of the West, and Germany is likely to supplant them as she has in part supplanted their counterparts in Asia. And, indeed, the writer in the *Grenzboten* also foretells the rise of a German colonial empire under the shadow of the Andes, "which will perhaps become the finest and most permanent colonial enterprise undertaken by old Europe." He concludes that Germany and the United States are destined to be rivals on the American continent, not allies, and adds:

"The *entente cordiale* between the United States and Germany can only be possible if one of the two Powers shows a willingness to relinquish some of its most deeply rooted ambitions. The United States will never abandon the rôle it has elected to play in the New World. At present no advances that Germany may make can persuade her to change the cautious attitude which she has always assumed in regard to international questions. There exist, moreover, between these two countries grounds of dissension which will never be abolished excepting by Germany's complete abstention from political activity in the region of the Antilles and in Latin America."—*Translations made for* THE LITERARY DIGEST.

WHAT HAPPENED TO GERMANY AT ALGECIRAS.

The result of trying to gather laurels from a cactus.
—*Wahre Jacob* (Stuttgart).

ITALY'S FEALTY.

Italy is such a loyal friend that she not only remains friendly to Germany, her partner in the Dreibund, but is willing to be friendly to France and England too. —*Kladderadatsch* (Berlin).

GERMANY'S LUCK.

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REINCARNATION OF COUNT SMORLTORK.

DICKENS'S portrayal of the French traveler taking notes in a foreign country and recording impressions somewhat less true to fact than the snapshots of a "jag camera" was once looked upon as an amusing bit of caricature. It appears from an article in the Paris *Revue Bleue*, however, that it reflects like a mirror the character of some latter-day French *literati* when once they pass beyond the *banlieu* of Paris. Once Frenchmen seemed to have a distinct appreciation and love of this country. Now, we read, all this is changed, and the Republic of the West is become a subject for the wildest vagaries of French criticism. A writer named J. Ernest-Charles has looked through the works of four Frenchmen who have recently traveled in America, and the results of his research, as given in the *Revue Bleue*, are certainly interesting, not to say amusing. When we read that there is neither social nor political liberty in this country, that the state is becoming "year by year harder on those who possess nothing, and more kindly on the favorites of fortune," it seems as if Count Smorltork had passed from Mrs. Leo Hunter's garden-party to the wider area of observation described by the title of one of the works alluded to, "From New York to New Orleans."

Count Smorltork I. appears under the name of Mr. Jules Huret, of whom the reviewer says:

"As Mr. Huret has had considerable opportunities of inquiring into the intimate life of Americans, he has been and still is dumfounded at the ignorance of the most elementary rules of social politeness shown both by men and women who represent the rich and cultured class. They do not possess the refinement even of the Old-World peasant. This want of politeness betrays a contempt for the individual. It also reveals the faint conception they have of man's nobility. The Americans hold that to show politeness and consideration toward others does not pay. Let it be so. Nevertheless, the very excuse they give shows the vice of their civilization, which is brutal and not moral."

Anarchism is rife in the United States, according to Count Smorltork II., Mr. Paul Ghio, who professes to have made a profound study of the "revolutionary agitation, the intellectual anarchy, and the insurrectionary anarchy" of this country. Count Smorltork III., Mr. Paul de Rouviers, says that the Americans have no idea of liberty, except the liberty to get rich, prosper, and progress. The individual does not scruple to trample upon all liberties save that which he himself exercises in self-advancement.

Count Smorltork IV., in the person of Mr. George Moreau, allows that America is a colossus, but a somewhat weak-kneed one. He is astonished at America's activity. But "the universal bluff does not make him believe in that activity." He sorrowfully sees the blemishes in "this fine American colossus." Millions of Americans, we are informed, have negro blood in their veins; and he believes that all American women are alcoholics. To quote:

"The land teems with negroes from Boston to New Orleans, from San Diego to Charleston. They are slothful and turbulent, thieves and liars. They unite with certain faults peculiar to the Anglo-Saxon blood a number of defects which are in direct antithesis to the qualities characteristic of this race. There are many marriages, many unions, between blacks and whites, especially in the South. Thus the race becomes a mixed one. Mr. George Moreau has been struck with the slight resemblance between South Carolina or Louisiana and Massachusetts. In place of the brutal energy of New York he found at New Orleans creole nonchalance and the happy-go-lucky improvidence of tropical countries. Slowly but surely the negro blood is infiltrating its dissolving and destructive qualities. For, indeed, the people of the North, when they travel or work in the South, are not insensible to the charm of the pretty quadroons, and already millions of Americans have negro blood in their veins. Their character is affected thereby. The negro blood threatens to undermine that American energy which is the first of virtues."

Count Smorltork, in spite of his "penetration," is in this case evidently unacquainted with the composition of one American beverage which he says the American lady is addicted to. For "the good American colossus," like certain elephants we read of in the newspaper, is, he declares, excessively fond of alcohol. To quote:

"In France we carry on laudable but so far absolutely unsuccessful campaigns against alcoholism. But these campaigns are mere child's play. Yet we give people the idea that alcoholism is a disorder peculiarly French. In America drinking deep is universal, and as nothing in America is done by halves, the stout Americans always outstrip the feeble Europeans. It is certain that American drinks are no laughing matter, and Americans take them to an enormous extent. There are so many American drunkards, so many alcoholics! Mr. George Moreau asserts that all American women are slaves to alcoholism. In public they drink pure Apollinaris; in private they prefer cocktails skilfully drugged. To these drafts they are glad to add a little gin. Mr. George Moreau, a most conscientious observer, says he is sure that the great majority of women drink to excess."

It is no wonder that this "conscientious observer" adds that "the American constitution may possibly stand it now, but degeneration is inevitable. Enfeeblement, not to say brutalization, of the race is certain to follow." Mr. Ernest-Charles, who takes in with gaping mouth and starting eyes all the statements of this quadruple Smorltork, adds in conclusion, as if with a deprecating yet triumphant smile:

"The Americans are giants. We are pygmies. But we are pygmies of insatiable curiosity. We have tried to find out all about the life of these giants. We still admire these giants, but, like pygmies of intelligence and foresight, we have already learned that these giants can not very much longer appear formidable to us."—*Translation made for* THE LITERARY DIGEST.

LEOPOLD'S "HIGH FINANCE" IN THE KONGO.

LEOPOLD, King of the Belgians, has been applying the revenues of the Kongo Free State, which is his personal domain and estate, tho falling to the Belgian Government on his death, very much as certain insurance-company officials in New York are alleged to have drawn upon their trust funds. Such is the charge made by Mr. Felicien Cattier, professor of colonial jurisprudence in the University of Brussels, in his work entitled "Étude sur la Situation de l'État Indépendant du Congo." This high authority asserts that the published accounts of the revenue and expenditure of the Kongo State have been made to show a loss of about $5,500,000 in a given number of years. Within the same period Mr. Cattier avers that the King of the Belgians abstracted secretly and dishonorably from the revenue a sum computed at $15,000,000. Again, the King, with the professed motive of covering this deficit of $5,500,000, actually raised in the name of the Kongo State a loan of $25,000,000. Thus after paying the deficit, the King, according to Professor Cattier, who has not shrunk from risking his position in the university by making the statement, has within a decade made away with $35,000,000, without benefiting the Kongo State a farthing, and at the cost of 3,000,000 lives among the natives of the country, whose common verdict on the Leopold administration is, we are told, "Rubber is death." The money thus borrowed through the Kongo Free State King Leopold has employed in gratifying his "megalomania." He has spent it on public works. Mr. Cattier thus answers the questions why the Kongo State borrowed so much more than the budgetary deficits justified, and what became of the balance:

"The King has thought himself entitled to dispose of the Kongolese treasury as tho he owned it. He has thought himself entitled to apply the resources of the Kongo to the most divers usages, the most remote from all colonial utility. The results of my examination . . . allow one to understand the nature and the object of the financial activity of the State. The Sovereign understood that he would not be able to convince the Chambers as

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easily as he convinces his Ministers, of the advisability of his projects for public works, or the purity of his esthetic conceptions. Determined not to renounce these projects, however, he has borrowed through the Kongo State the money which was indispensable to his plans. He has thus succeeded in escaping all parliamentary control, notwithstanding the fact that ultimately the public works constructed are constructed at the cost of Belgium. The latter will have to pay dearer for them than if she had constructed them herself; first because she could have borrowed at a lower rate of interest and at par, and further because it is permissible to suppose that by invoking public tenders, the cost of these public works would have been sensibly reduced."

Mr. Cattier speaks with authority when he states that Leopold has violated the most elemental principles of colonial administration by making direct pecuniary drafts upon the colony, not to mention the hideous cruelties which have been perpetrated in squeezing out contributions from the natives. To quote further:

"Such is the secret of Kongolese finances. We find in them a reaction, once again, of Kongolese despotism on Belgian affairs. The Kongo funds are an instrument of political reaction, a means of personal government without and outside the will of the Chambers. It is hardly necessary to point out how the financial policy of the Sovereign of the Kongo State violates the most elementary principles of colonial administration. It is to-day universally recognized that the metropolis is not entitled to draw from the colonies any direct pecuniary advantage. . . . Never has this principle been so outrageously violated as it has been by the Kongo State. The native population has been oppressed, ill-treated, decimated, to permit the Sovereign of the Kongo State to avoid the obligations imposed upon him by Belgian law. Nothing has been done in the interests of these unfortunate peoples, who by their labor have produced every year the necessary millions for the realization of sumptuous public works in Belgium."

AN ENGLISH CABINET OF AMATEURS.

THE new British Cabinet appear to have exposed their flank to a severe, scathing fire from the Opposition organs. They have made concessions to the Labor party, in the matter of trade-unions, which, in the words of *Public Opinion* (London), by relieving such unions of responsibility for the acts of officials, unless those acts are authorized by the executive, enable such officials to coerce employers and non-unionists with impunity. They have stultified themselves, we are repeatedly told, by their proposed vote of censure on Lord Milner, "a proconsul who stands on a level with Clive and Hastings," a man who, according to the London *Spectator*, "has rendered great and notable service to the nation as High Commissioner in Africa." Even the *Frankfurter Zeitung* characterizes the Liberal party's treatment of Lord Milner as "contemptible." *The Guardian* (London), the Church of England organ, speaks of the present Nonconformist majority as recalling by its preponderance the days of Cromwell, and regrets that Cromwell with his great foreign policy is not among them.

Meanwhile, on real and urgent questions, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has done nothing. The Government has kept clear of the Irish question, the South African coolies question, and the tariff. As they have bungled in South Africa and in the labor problem, says the strongly conservative *Blackwood's Magazine*, so Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has shown himself to be no more than a wind-bag, a mere Sir Forcible Feeble, hesitating at the head of a "rag-tag and bobtail" cabinet who talk and act like the undergraduate members of a college debating club. To quote:

"There is nothing more remarkable in contemporary history than the diffidence of the present Government. Returned to power by an enormous majority, realizing at last its long-deferred ambition, it approaches its task with a curious timidity. Like Agag, it walks delicately. It is as much afraid of putting its foot in the wrong place as an acrobat executing the dance among the eggs. Nor is this all. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and his friends are bashful, as well as timid. You would have thought that having brought back to Westminster the largest mob of camp-followers that ever brought up the tail of a successful army, they would have shown some degree of confidence in calling the world's attention to themselves. They have done nothing of the kind."

The Prime Minister is absolutely ignorant of things in South Africa, continues this Opposition writer, and merely fumbles over the administration of that colony, which has been accused of actually enslaving the Chinamen employed there in the mines. Speaking of Sir Henry's feeble vacillation, the writer proceeds:

"He is not called to power that he may fumble and experiment. It is his duty to think and to act. All the sources of knowledge are open to him, and he should be familiar by this time with the needs and circumstances of South Africa. Yet he freely confesses that he is wofully in want of information. . . . . .

"To deal with a great colony in this spirit of uncertainty and tergiversation is fatal alike to England and to her empire. And Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman proves a yet greater feebleness in attempting to answer the question of 'Chinese slavery,' which has brought him into office. . . . We have been governed too often by dangerous and fanatical men. But this is the first time in our history that we have been asked to entrust the destinies of the empire to a cabinet of amateurs."

The blunder by which official censure was passed on Lord

"LIKELY TO BE HOIST BY HIS OWN PETARD."
—*Judy* (London).

Milner has added to the discredit of the Liberal Ministry, altho *The Morning Leader* (London) says:

"Lord Milner's consent to the flogging of coolies violated our traditions. It violated our undertaking to China. It violated Mr. Lyttelton's pledges to the House of Commons—in each case a distinct breach of honor and duty which nothing could excuse. Lord Milner's whole attitude has shown that he weighs this triple dishonor, this triple dereliction from duty, as nothing against administrative convenience."

But Mr. J. Ramsay Macdonald, Labor M.P., speaks in the Leicester *Pioneer* of Mr. Winston Churchill's action toward Lord Milner with condemnation and disapproves of the Government South African policy. He declares:

"It is not decisive enough. No one knows when it is to come into active operation. I think the Government ought to have appointed a commission to inquire into mining conditions, and the commission should have been composed partly of political administrators and partly of mining experts. It should have definitely stated that until the commission reported no change would be

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made in the political affairs of the country, and it ought to have withdrawn altogether the inoperative constitution of last year."

The London *Times* also strongly condemns the action of the Government in holding back, but not rescinding or reversing, a vote of censure on Lord Milner, and declares:

"We can feel sure that the country and the empire at large will agree with Mr. Chamberlain in stigmatizing the policy of the Government as one of 'contemptible weakness,' as the policy of men 'willing to wound, but yet afraid to strike.' . . . Are we to substitute for responsible and self-reliant representatives of the Crown mere official puppets at the end of a cable, paralyzed in all serious emergencies by the thought that the slightest unauthorized action, the slightest error of judgment, may entail a vote of censure from the House of Commons, qualified, as the case may be, by the condescending protection of fledgling Ministers?"

ABUSE OF DECORATIONS IN FRANCE.

THE laws in the United States and in Switzerland which forbid the bestowal by the Government of badges and decorations upon those who have actually or presumably "done the state some service" is being discussed in some sections of the Parisian press as worthy of adoption by the sister republic of France. Most of the crosses of the Legion of Honor, says Mr. Jacques Lux, in the *Revue Bleue* (Paris), are worn by those unworthy of the distinction. While members of the Senate and the House of Deputies are not permitted to accept it, and the leaders of French journalism do not generally think it compatible with their dignity and independence to do so, there are swarms of men all over Europe to whom it is presented without regard to their public merit, but whose "servility or mendicity" has won it through the interest of some government official of France who feels himself indebted to them for personal service. Thus this decoration is frequently the reward of political assistance, and therefore a veiled bribe. It is even given in return for solid financial aid. As Mr. Lux says:

"The most odd services become recognized as services rendered the state! The carrying out of a political propaganda, furnishing of an office to the secretaries of the Ministry, a liberal present made by some knowing merchant or manufacturer, are irresistible passports to the red-ribbon circle. Such abuses are common under every cabinet. To see the cross the object of such rivalries, and within reach of so many people, makes every one think himself entitled to it. There is not a single political functionary of any influence who does not look forward to it. It seems as if this decoration were being put up at auction. The press is of the utmost influence in promoting the public acceptance or rejection of this or that policy. Every one knows that a journalist is offered a decoration more promptly than either an army officer or a subprefect. Among journalists, however, it has been discovered that the best way of strengthening their authority is to refuse every distinction of the kind. The chief of our most important newspaper did this, and other editors of independence have followed the same rule."

This writer points out a specific form of abuse to which the bestowal of the cross of the Legion of Honor or of St. Louis is subjected by unprincipled and incompetent foreign representatives of the diplomatic and consular services. To quote his own words:

"The men delegated to represent France abroad have recently been charged with incredible incompetence, and complete ignorance of the language, manners, and general spirit of the country to which they have been sent. Such diplomats take pains, however, to persuade themselves, and above all to prove to the French Government, that they are well informed on these subjects. They do this by always keeping near them some person who will tell them everything they desire to know. This peculiar confidant, often a Swiss or a Belgian, repeats to the minister the current anecdotes about local celebrities, points out to him the political intrigues that are on foot, and suggests to him how to meet them. Naturally such a laborer is worthy of his hire. This he generally receives in the form of a decoration as Chevalier, Officer, or Commander of the Legion of Honor. It is thus that the sympathizing purveyor of information becomes illustrious, or at least ostensibly so. More than that, he gains a position which enables him to dispense the favors of France. It can be easily imagined on what fantastic objects these favors are bestowed. Meanwhile the learned professors who for a lifetime have taught French literature and developed the taste of an educated public are passed over and forgotten."

Factitious badges and honors are also initiated and distributed by ministers of the Government to the most unworthy recipients. Thus:

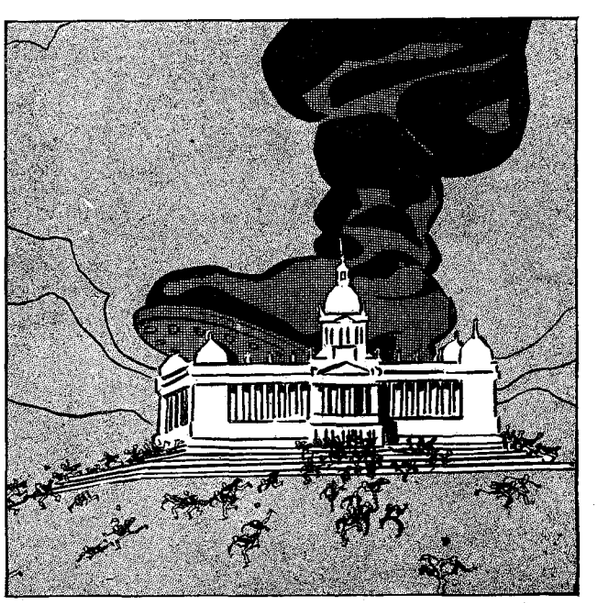
"The number of crosses to be distributed is of course limited. The camp-followers of a ministry, on the other hand, are without number. How are they to be satisfied? By distributing to them special medals as badges of professional merit. This crying scandal is also a permanent one, and agricultural, colonial, and other special medals are multiplied. In the same way academic degrees are conferred on the illiterate, on innkeepers, and on attractive young women. Such distinctions were originated with a view to recognize the self-sacrifice of educators, but now they rather serve the purpose of discouraging such virtues."

This writer concludes that the abolition of all such distinctions is now demanded by the best minds of France, and declares:

"In view of such abuses as we have enumerated, in view of the mendicity and servility which are encouraged by the reckless distribution of honors at the present moment, some of the best and wisest of our countrymen have decided that such decorations should be totally abolished. Do not our social manners now incline toward the imitation at least of that good taste which in England and Scandinavia forbids the wearing in ordinary life of ribbons and rosettes of honor? Are we not really coming to recognize the wisdom of those laws which in Switzerland and the United States proscribe all orders of merit?"

He finally admits that many men of worth wear the badge of the Legion of Honor, which is most respected abroad. This, he says, is all the more reason why those should be excluded from the order who do not even pretend to have deserved, but merely to have purchased, the cross.—*Translation made for* THE LITERARY DIGEST.

THE Fengtien authorities have practically decided to enlist 50 yin of soldiers, 25,000 of whom are to be trained and armed according to modern methods, says *The China Gazette* (Shanghai), but no decisive measure has yet been taken. The Japanese, says the same paper, are sending men to survey the mineral wealth of Manchuria. Not only do they not allow foreigners to work, but the Japs now often interfere with the natives working these mines. Such is the "open door" from the Japanese point of view.



HOW THE GATHERING OF THE DOUMA WILL TURN OUT.
—*Kladderadatsch* (Berlin)

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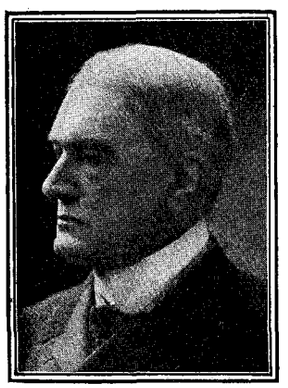
NOTABLE BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THE NEW CHINESE ARMY.

THE RE-SHAPING OF THE FAR EAST. By B. L. Putnam Weale. Two volumes. Illustrated. Cloth, 548, 535 pages. Price, $6.00 net per set. The Macmillan Company.

CHINA AND HER PEOPLE. By Charles Denby, LL.D. Two volumes. Illustrated. Cloth, 276, 256 pages. Price $2.40 net per set. L. C. Page & Co.

MR. PUTNAM WEALE'S new book is hardly so interesting as his "Manchu and Muscovite." It is burdened by a belated account of the early months of the Russo-Japanese war, is somewhat discursive, and would, as the New York *Sun* suggests, be improved by elimination and condensation. The semi-jocular tone adopted detracts from its authoritativeness, albeit making it easy reading. But it has striking merits, and well deserves the encomiums bestowed on it by the critics, who seem quite generally of the Chicago *Record-Herald's* opinion that Mr. Weale "has written the best analysis of the situation in the Far East that we have had since China began to see the new light." The work should, indeed, meet a hearty welcome from the public, if only because of the information it affords regarding a question now agitating the entire Western World—the question of the effect upon China of the triumph of Japan over Russia.



CHARLES DENBY.

One consequence, as the news despatches have of late made painfully evident, has been the recrudescence of an unmistakable anti-foreign sentiment among the Chinese. This Mr. Weale has anticipated, just as he anticipated in "Manchu and Muscovite" some of the decisive battles of the war. During the campaigning he passed from one section to another of the Chinese Empire, keenly alive to prevailing conditions, and at the same time alert to discover the permanent beneath the transitory. He found a marked diversity of opinion respecting the combatants in the struggle of which the Chinese were pathetically interested spectators. In some provinces self-interest prompted sympathy with the Russians, who had proved excellent customers; elsewhere the sentiment was uncompromisingly pro-Japanese. But everywhere a latent patriotism was to be discerned. From court to coolie there seemed to be an awakening realization that China must so act as to convince the outside world that she is a member of the family of nations and entitled to be treated accordingly. Mr. Weale found in process and proposal reforms of a nature to make China a very colossus. Of these he deems most significant the reorganization of the army.

Even now, it appears, the work of reorganization has advanced apace. Nor, we are assured, will the old tale of fatal inefficiency be repeated. The writer's investigations lead him to the belief that "every Chinese commander and soldier has at last realized that rifles and ammunition must be properly kept, that drill must be constant, that discipline must be very strict, and that the art of war must be studied day and night before troops can dare to face modern armies." The program outlined is most ambitious. In five years' time it calls for 360,000 men on a peace-footing, and in ten or fifteen years 1,500,000 men on a war-footing, exclusive of the reorganized and enlarged Banner corps. This fighting force, it is clearly Mr. Weale's belief, will put an end to all Occidental plans for the control of China. Japan likewise must abandon hope of holding the destinies of the empire in her keeping. "China," it is declared with emphasis, "is too big and has too much latent strength to be handled by any one country successfully." On the other hand, the prediction is made that "the Chinese are destined to be one of the three great nationalities of the world."

On this showing, we of the West have quite generally underrated the Chinese; and a similar impression is gained from perusing the recently issued memoirs of the late Colonel Denby, who was for some thirteen years United States Minister to China. If Mr. Weale's work suffers from expansiveness, Colonel Denby's may be criticized as an example of condensation carried to an extreme, particularly in the chapters descriptive of the characteristics and customs of the Chinese. But, like Mr. Weale's, it is valuable as assisting to a better understanding of the problems to be faced in China and of the future of that country.

Particularly is it of service to American statesmen and business men. Colonel Denby makes no attempt to disguise the fact that he writes from the standpoint of an American diplomat, considering the interests of his own country first, and those of China afterward. With Mr. Weale, he affirms that the policy of the open door and no dismemberment must be continued, and points with pride to the consistent attitude maintained by the United States in this respect. But his experience convinces him that radical reforms are required if we would retain our prestige in China. He does not advocate the repeal of exclusion, perceiving in any great influx of Chinese an economic menace to the United States; but he does urge far-reaching changes in the diplomatic and consular service, and his suggestions under this head should be carefully pondered by all American citizens. And, addressing himself specifically to American merchants, he plainly points the way to trade extension:

"Americans (begins an all too brief chapter) are supposed to be the most adventurous people in the world, but in trade and commerce with foreign countries they do not justify this reputation. Above all things our merchants and manufacturers should study the details of the Chinese trade more than they do. They should send commercial agents to the country to find out for themselves the conditions and needs of trade. What can be more ridiculous than the inquiries which often reached me touching the trade in fine buggies in China? I often got letters asking for the names of dealers in buggies in Peking, and enclosing circulars, in English, of course, to be distributed. There isn't a decent road in North China, and in the south there are nothing but paths. The ordinary vehicle in the north is a heavy cart, or wagon. Rich people ride in chairs, the middle classes in carts or litters, and the poor go afoot. There wasn't a single buggy in Peking, and very few vehicles of any kind except carts.

"The Chinese does not want knives and forks, he uses chop-sticks. Above all, he wants cheap things; but when he takes a fancy to an article he will buy it at all hazards, until he commences to counterfeit it, which he soon does."

The critics are warm in their praise of this work. Colonel Denby's opinions, declares *The Outlook*, "have permanent value." The Boston *Transcript* finds his style "entertaining and pleasing," and speaks of the "evidences throughout the book of the author's deep study of Chinese character." "Colonel Denby's memoirs," says the Brooklyn *Eagle*, "will be found equally interesting as the autobiography of a diplomat and as a judicious examination of the history of China;" while the Chicago *Inter Ocean's* verdict is, "An authoritative statement of the Eastern question."

A LITERARY GOLD-BRICK.

THE SPIRIT OF ROME. By Vernon Lee. Cloth, 205 pages. Price, $1.50 net. John Lane.

VERNON LEE'S brilliant reputation will dim speedily, it is to be feared, if she allow herself to issue many more books cut after the pattern of "The Spirit of Rome." This, as she frankly confesses, is composed of note-book material which she found it impossible to utilize in her earlier descriptions of places and their genius; and, on the plea that she dare not attempt a definite picture of the Eternal City, she has made absolutely no effort to whip this material into coherent shape. As a consequence, we are favored with a number of fragmentary, snippety, unpolished impressions, often meaningless even to those who know their Rome fully as well as does the author, and worse than useless to the uninformed. There are a few pleasant little glimpses, and inevitaby so because, as *The Athenæum* rather crustily reminds its readers, "Vernon Lee works the sentimental-topographical vein as well as any one." But such agreeable picturings in no wise atone for glaring defects which are so numerous and so serious that, in its present form, the work is without justification for existence. Sentences that the rawest amateur would blush to indite, long passages laboring through subordinate—and extremely insubordinate—clauses, a pronounced distaste for verbs, an infantile yearning for adjectives, particularly "blue" and "green" and "pink"—such is the stuff of which "The Spirit of Rome" is made. It is not surprising that Vernon Lee faltered before the task of revision. Here is one of the many problems she leaves untouched, an excerpt from an alleged account of a pontifical mass:

VERNON LEE.

"My first impression is of the magnificence of all these costumes, the Swiss with their halberts, the Knights of Malta, the Chamberlains like so many Rubenses or Frans Halses, the prelates and cardinals, each with his little train of purple priestlets; particularly of the perfection in wearing these clothes, something analogous to the brownish depth of the purple, the carnation vividness of the scarlet, due to all these centuries of tradition. At the same time, an impression of the utter disconnectedness of it all, the absence of all spirit or meaning; this magnificence being as the turning out of great rag bag of purple and crimson and gold, of superb artistic things all out of place useless, patternless, and almost odious; pageantry, ritual, complicated Palestrina music, crowded Renaissance frescoes, that huge Last Judgment, that mass of carefully grouped hideous nudities, brutal, butcherlike, on its harsh blue ground; that ceiling packed with superb pictures and figures, symmetrical yet at random, portentous arm and thighs and shoulders hitting one as it were in the eye."

Such beautiful sentences as the following have the merit of at least being semilucid: "I am struck again this time by one of the things which on my first return after so many years got to mean for my mind Rome;" "There is a nice Cosmati cloister at S. Scolastica, lower on the hill, an enormous also fortified-looking monastery, but to which also there is only a mule path;" "But

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not less incongruous, behind these walls of Rome, are all of us, bringing our absurd modernnesses, our far-fetched things of civilization into the solemn, starved, lousy, silent past." With *The Athenæum* we wonder where Vernon Lee expects to find readers. Only an unreasoning enthusiasm for past performance or an ill-advised charity can account for the praise these crude inanities have evoked in certain quarters where, echoing the Boston *Transcript*, it is affirmed that in "The Spirit of Rome" the author "is seen at excellent advantage." As a matter of fact, a surer grasp of the "spirit" of Rome can be obtained from any guide-book.

'ISMS AND 'OLOGIES IN FICTION.

THE HEALERS. By Maarten Maartens. Cloth, 419 pages. Price, $1.50. D. Appleton & Co.

"MAARTEN MAARTENS" is a unique figure in literature. Altho writing in English he is, as his pseudonym and the scenes of his books would suggest, a native of Holland, his abandonment of the tongue of his fatherland being due to conviction that Holland could never provide him with a sufficiently large audience. His success in the language of his adoption is sufficient warrant for the faith that was in him. He writes English better than many home-bred aspirants to literary honors, is uncommonly clever, and has the knack of sustaining the interest even while allowing the action of his tales to drag. Both his cleverness and his ability to entertain are in evidence as usual in this his latest novel, but it may be questioned whether it will enjoy the vogue of his earlier offerings.

MAARTEN MAARTENS.

The trouble is that it is difficult to say just what it means. What it is all about is evident enough. It is all about bacteriology, psychopathology, quackology, patent-foodism, spiritualism, Protestantism, Catholicism, Buddhism—in a word, it has to do with the many methods of curing physical ailments and the comparative advantages, from the standpoint of alleviating mental distress, of the several great religions. But it is impossible to place the author in relation to any one of the subjects of which he writes in such a knowing fashion. Perhaps, as *The Academy* seems to think, he simply intends to raise in the reader's mind a host of interesting and important but perplexing questions. Certainly, he settles none, and in his wanderings from one prickly topic to another sorely tries the patience.

Yet he never bores. He has too keen a sense of humor and of human interest. Each of his characters—from the learned vivisectionist Professor Baron Lisse, his quaint poet wife, and his psychiatrist son, to the idiot youth, Sir James Graye, who is partially restored to reason only to meet a terrible death—is distinctly limned, with individual hopes, fears, ideals, and aims in life; and all are made to play a fitting part in the bizarre but convincing drama of the fortunes of the house of Lisse. So that, as *The Academy* says, "The Healers" is "a striking, interesting book" which, if "not altogether satisfactory," will repay reading. Not all the critics admit this, however. The New York *Globe*, for instance, declares caustically that altho Mr. Maartens's "new book may be in the interest of science, it is decidedly not in the interest of art." A diametrically opposite view is taken by the New York *Times Saturday Review*, which praises the subtle humor of "The Healer" and lays stress on the fact that its characters are "real people battling with real forces," and by *The Outlook*, which says: "Looked at as a picture gallery of carefully etched character portraits it is immensely entertaining."

A BIOLOGICAL HERETIC.

THE NATURE AND ORIGIN OF LIVING MATTER. By H. Charlton Bastian, M.A., F.R.S., F.L.S. Illustrated. Cloth, 344 pages. J. B. Lippincott Company.

FOR the past thirty-five years Dr. Bastian has consistently upheld the doctrine that life not only has in the past originated, but does at the present time originate, from dead matter—the doctrine once generally known as that of spontaneous generation. Dr. Bastian prefers at the present time to call it "archebiosis"—the origin of life. That vital phenomena must have had a beginning, he says, all scientific men admit. He maintains simply that this beginning is going on all around us—that "living units" appear hourly in previously "dead" matter, that bacteria, both harmless and harmful, not only continually arise *de novo*, but frequently change their character, one species passing over into another. Of this last phenomenon, of which Dr. Bastian claims to be the discoverer, he treated specifically in his work on heterogenesis (1904). The present book is of wider scope and dwells particularly on the importance to medical science of proof that disease germs may arise *de novo*. Of course there is no doubt that the question is of the very highest importance. Our boards of health are proceeding on the assumption that one typhoid germ, for instance, is always the offspring of another similar germ, and that if we can exclude these germs we exclude the disease. There is no doubt that since this mode of procedure was adopted disease has been greatly lessened, and the statistics of health collected in our great cities are relied upon by many authorities to establish the truth of the proposition that Dr. Bastian has devoted his life to combating. For if it be true that a typhoid germ may under certain conditions arise where no such germ existed before, our precautions, tho necessary, will often be unavailing. And that they are sometimes failures for this very reason is Dr. Bastian's belief.

To one who should read this book with no previous acquaintance with recent biological literature, Dr. Bastian would doubtless appear to have established his contention. His ability, his acquaintance with his subject, his high position as a physician, his long work as an experimental investigator—all are undoubted. Despite all this, however, the biological world as a whole remains unshaken in its belief that now, as for thousands of years in the past, there is no living thing except as the product of a previous living thing of similar nature. That it is impossible to disprove the possibility of spontaneous generation, no biologist would deny; that the phenomena of the non-living and the living world are separated to-day by no such chasm as existed thirty years ago is also an undoubted fact; yet the work of Dr. Bastian, interesting as it is, has played no part in bringing about this biological change of attitude, and his experimental proofs will one and all be rejected to-day as they have been rejected for the past quarter of a century. No one will suggest that of the two hundred and forty-five micrographs reproduced in this book, a single one has been falsified; yet it will be almost universally held that the interpretation put upon them by their author and the inference drawn from them are incorrect.

Dr. Bastian's life-work, in fact, is a striking instance of the lack of value in uncorroborated experimental evidence. In a special chapter on "The Congruity of the Evidence" he points out that there is nothing in what he claims that is at variance with the principles of biological science. With this conclusion biologists would probably agree, and if Dr. Bastian were one of a numerous school of experimentalists whose work formed a systematic body of science, instead of being a single voice crying out in the wilderness of biogenesis, he might be the prophet of a new biological era.

This work, says *The Academy*, sarcastically, is a treasure-chest packed with nothing more than the shriveled remains of hasty conclusions, buried some years since, and now galvanized into a semblance of life." Other journals, however, take a much more favorable view of Dr. Bastian's treatise. *The Pall Mall Gazette*, for example, calls it a "magnificent volume" and praises its "logical completeness," while the London *News* finds it a book of "fascinating interest" which "may with confidence be recommended to the general reader."

SHORT NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

DR. EDWARD T. DEVINE'S inaugural address as Schiff professor of social economy at Columbia University has been issued in book form, under the title of "Efficiency and Relief" (Columbia University Press, 75 cents). The title admirably suggests the aims of this new department of study. Social economy, as Dr. Devine puts it, "finds its particular field in the study of those conditions, activities, and agencies which promote or hinder the making of every individual into an industrially efficient and hence independent human being, and in the relief of those who can not by their own efforts realize the social standards of the community of which they are a part." The program outlined in these pages is most ambitious, but in this era of an increasing sense of responsibility there is no good reason why it can not be carried into effect. We commend Dr. Devine's little volume to all who would intelligently cooperate in the work of social betterment.

IT is a good many years since the late F. W. H. Myers formulated his hypothesis of the "subliminal self," but our novelists have been slow to avail themselves of the possibilities opened thereby. Now, however, they appear to be making up for lost time. In the latest "psychical" novel, Mr. Herbert Quick's "Double Trouble" (Bobbs, $1.50), the modern theory of "dual personality" is pressed to an extreme. The hero, a conscientious, literature-loving young banker of Wisconsin, loses his identity for the space of five years, in which interval he becomes a dissolute, unscrupulous, and keen Pennsylvania business man, and wins the love of an altogether lovable young woman. Then he recovers his lost personality, falls in with a German savant whose daughter possesses hypnotic powers, and through their aid endeavors to live the life of the secondary personality. Complications of course ensue, until there is plenty of "trouble" for all concerned. The tale moves with alacrity, and is never dull. Students of psychical research are likely, however, to protest at the liberties taken with hypnotism, if not at the impossible "broken English" inflicted upon the learned professor.

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I am familiar with Ridpath's History of the World, and commend it to the scholar as well as to the plain people generally.
William McKinley.

This book is a permanent college chair of general history in one's own home.
J. H. Vincent, D.D., LL.D.

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Dr. Ridpath's labors are deserving of the highest praise. I most heartily recommend his History of the World for study and for convenient reference.
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Lew Wallace.

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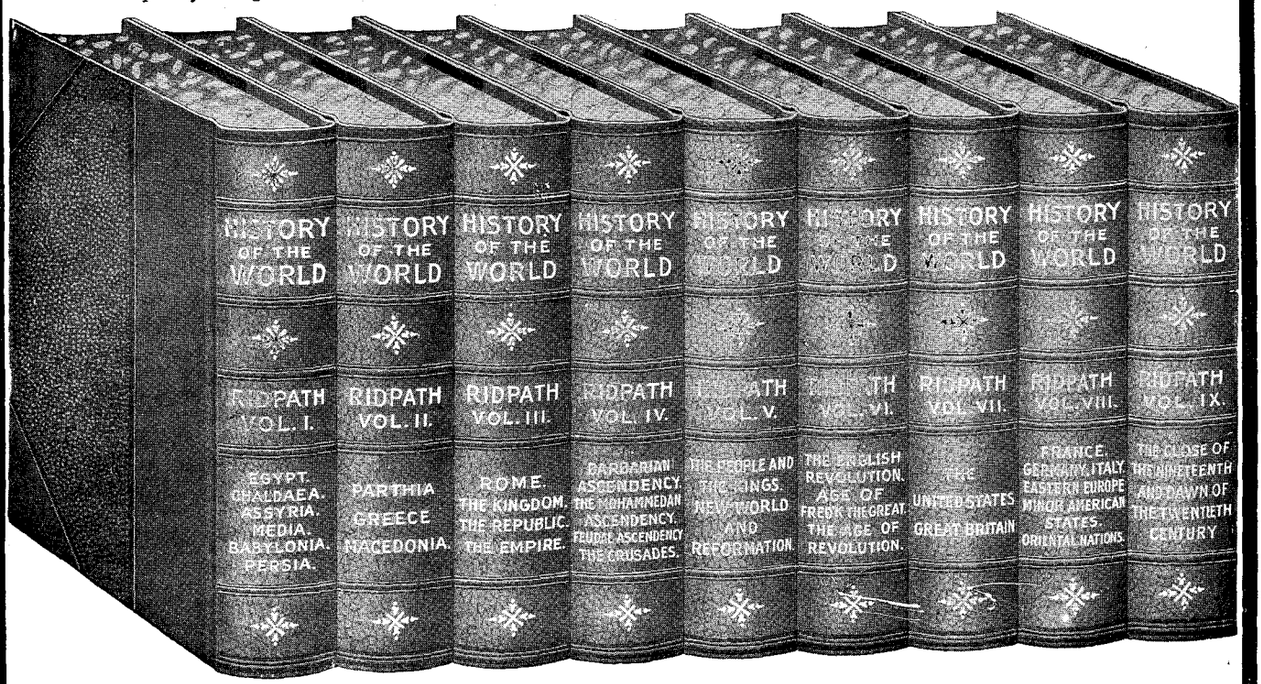
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CURRENT POETRY.

On the Ranch.

By Moira O'Neill.

I. The Last of Winter.

Oh, not for us the primrose faint, the south wind's *hush-a-low*
Down shining aisles of the beech-trees that knew us years ago!
Here there's a long, long silence and the dumbly falling snow.

The prairie rolls away, away, the hills are covered deep,
The water springs in the coulées are sleeping a frozen sleep,
The sun-dogs glimmer for a storm; how long shall winter keep?

Among the hungry cattle 'tis weary work to ride
And see the weak-kneed mothers go stumbling side by side,
Nuzzling under the crusted snow for where new grass may hide.

There's not a blade of green yet, the last year's growth is rank,
Sodden and brown beneath the snow on hill and bottom and bank,
Every horse is a brute this month, and every man is a crank.

Only the evening hours are good, when two can sit apart
Within the light of the fire they lit, cursing the winter's smart;
The hand is warm in another hand, the heart is safe with a heart.

II. The First of Spring.

There was a sound of whistling wings over the house last night,
And the wild duck dropped in the creek below, resting upon his flight;
Now the mallard with his emerald neck is swimming round in the light.

A warm wind from the mountains came pouring like a tide,
The strong Chinook has broken the heart of winter's icy pride,
And the snow has all gone up like smoke from a prairie sunny and wide.

Here are gray buds of the crocus, but shut and silvery dim,
Along the creek there are mouse-ears on the willows red and slim;
A blue tit feeds there upside down in the manner approved by him.

Hill snows melt and rush in streams bubbling and dark as wine;
Cattle are drifting out of the hills—well do we know that sign!
And soft clouds blowing across the blue have a beauty half divine.

New grass and sweet will soon be here, and the patient herd grow strong,
They will forget the cruel frost and all the winter's wrong;
None can be glad as we are glad unless they have waited as long.

—*From McClure's Magazine.*

The Colonist's Cry.

By Clive Phillipps-Wolley.

It's cruel of you, Springtime, when folk are growing old,
To set their hearts a-longing for banks of primrose gold,
Green willows by the river, gold kingcups by the Colne
Where every breath is perfume, a jewel every stone.

Lambs call about the meadows, the rooks are on the plow,
The thrush is singing anthems, buds gem the apple bough;
The dreamy shadows nestle in streets of sunlit gray
While we're away from England, six thousand miles away.

I see Mount Baker's summit, a cone of rosy snow—
Where waves broke, bloom the lilies: the fields of ocean glow
As God's sign gleams in heaven: the rocks are pink with foam
Of ribes and of stonecrop—our hearts cry out for Home!

For the narrow lanes of England, where may meets overhead;
Where living hamlets cluster round dreamlands of their dead;
Where Hope has met fulfilment, Ambition reached its goal,
Each acre had its story, each homestead found its soul.

Where all the earth is mellowed, and Nature's wood lyre strung
To loves our maidens whispered, the songs our people sung;
Where some girl's face is smiling in ev'ry op'ning rose,
Some heart of England speaking in ev'ry wind that blows.

O England, Songland, Springland! we wander while we live:
To broaden Britain's Empire, the best we have we give:
Surely they sleep the soundest in Mother's lap who lie,
We have worked, our strength is ended: ah, call us home to die.

—*From the Spectator* (London).

The Singer.

By Florence Earle Coates.

He came to us with dreams to sell—
Ah, long ago it seems!
From regions where enchantments dwell,
He came to us with dreams to sell,—
And we had need of dreams.

Our thought had planned with artful care,
Our patient toil had wrought,
The roomy treasure-houses where
Were heaped the costly and the rare,—
But dreams we had not bought:

Nay; we had felt no need of these,
Until with dulcet strain,
Alluring as the melodies
That mock the lonely on the seas,
He made all else seem vain;

Bringing an aching sense of dearth,
A troubled, vague unrest,
A fear that we, whose care on Earth
Had been to garner things of worth,
Had somehow missed the best.

Then, as had been our wont before—
Unused in vain to sigh—
We turned our treasure o'er and o'er,
But found in all our vaunted store
No coin that dreams would buy.

We stood with empty hands: but gay
As tho upborne on wings,
He left us; and at set of day
We heard him singing, far away,
The joy of simple things!

He left us, and with apathy
We gazed upon our gold;
But to the world's ascendency
Submissive, soon we came to be
Much as we were of old.

Yet sometimes when the fragant dawn
In early splendor beams,
And sometimes when, the twilight gone,
The moon o'ersilvers wood and lawn,
An echo of his dreams

Brings to the heart a swift regret
Which is not wholly pain,
And, grieving, we would not forget
The vision, hallowed to us yet,—
The hope that seemed so vain.

And then we envy not the throng
That careless passes by,
With no remembrance of the song;
Tho we must listen still, and long
To hear it till we die!

—*From the Century Magazine.*

The Coming of the Daffodils.

By Alfred Austin,

Poet Laureate of England.

"Awake, awake! for the Springtime's sake,
March daffodils, too long dreaming!
The lark is high in the spacious sky,
And the celandine stars are gleaming.
The gorse is ablaze, and the woodland sprays
Are as crimson as August heather.
The buds they unfurl, and mavis and merle
Are singing duets together.

"The rivulets run, first one by one,
Then meet in the swirling river,
And in out-peeping roots the Sun-god shoots
The shafts of his golden quiver.
The thrush never stops in the hazel copse,
Till with music the world seems ringing,
And the milkmaid hale, as she swings her pail,
Comes out from the dairy singing.

"The madcap lambs round their staider dams
Are skipping as, one time, *they* did;
And, proud of the cheat, will the cuckoo repeat
Soon the tale of the nest invaded.
The swain and his sweet in the love-lanes meet,
And fondle and face each other,
Till he folds her charms in his world-wide arms,
With kisses that blind and smother."

Then the daffodils came, aflame, aflame,
In orchard, and garth, and cover;
And out April leapt, and first smiled, then wept,
And longed for her Mayday lover.

—*From The Independent.*

Invitatory.

By Evelyn Underhill.

Come! break thy fast,
Dear Heart, poor wearied one!
Long is the desert way thou hast to tread
Ere all be done,
The House of the Beloved attained at last.
See, here is angels' bread,
An earnest of that grace
My Bride shall have when this lorn way is trod,
And she beholds my face,
Her Lover and her God.

"Ashes thou art, to ashes shalt return,"
I said in anger. Thou didst answer, "Yea!
Yet in these ashes still a fire doth burn
That shall outlive the clay
And drives me hence,
Purged by the ritual of penitence,
To wander lonely." "Nay,"
I said, "not all the way
In solitude, for I will surely come—
I, with my wounded feet—
Far into this world's wilderness to meet
My Sister and my Bride,
That we may go together, side by side,
To the desired threshold of our home.

"There, even upon the brink
Of our transcendent nuptials, thou shalt drink
Deep from the honied chalice of my pain.
Then shall I cry: 'Come! Bride and Pilgrim, rest
Thy head upon Love's breast,
Where long thy griefs have lain,
—Dear Child, poor wearied one!—
For Earth's long Lent is done;
The Easter of thy soul hath dawned at last.
Come! at Love's mystic table break thy fast.'"

—*From The Outlook* (London).

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Rise, Liars, and Salute Your Queen

Ho, All Ye Faithful Followers of Ananias

GIVE EAR!

A Young Girl said to a Cooking School Teacher in New York: "If You make One Statement as False as That, All You have said about Foods is Absolutely Unreliable."

This burst of true American girl indignation was caused by the teacher saying that Grape-Nuts, the popular pre-digested food, was made of stale bread shipped in and sweetened.

The teacher colored up and changed the subject.

There is quite an assortment of traveling and stay-at-home members of the tribe of Ananias who tell their falsehoods for a variety of reasons.

In the spring it is the custom on a cattle ranch to have a "round up" and brand the cattle, so we are going to have a "round up," and brand these cattle and place them in their proper pastures.

FIRST PASTURE

Cooking-school teachers—this includes "teachers" who have applied to us for a weekly pay if they would say "something nice" about Grape-Nuts and Postum, and when we have declined to hire them to do this they get waspy and show their true colors.

This also includes "demonstrators" and "lecturers" sent out by a certain Sanitarium to sell foods made there, and those people instructed by the small-bewhiskered doctor—the head of the institution—to tell these prevarications (you can speak the stronger word if you like). This same little doctor conducts a small magazine in which there is a department of "answers to correspondents," many of the questions as well as the answers being written by the aforesaid doctor.

In this column some time ago appeared the statement "No, we cannot recommend the use of Grape-Nuts, for it is nothing but bread with glucose poured over it." Right then he showed his badge as a member of the tribe of Ananias. He may ha e been a member for some time before, and so he has caused these "lecturers" to descend into the ways of the tribe wherever they go.

When the young lady in New York put the "iron on" to this "teacher" and branded her right we sent $10.00 to the girl for her pluck and bravery.

SECOND PASTURE

Editors of "Trade" papers known as grocers' papers.

Remember, we don't put the brand on all, by any means. Only those that require it. These members of the tribe have demanded that we carry advertising in their papers, and when we do not consider it advisable they institute a campaign of vituperation and slander, printing from time to time manufactured slurs on Postum or Grape-Nuts. When they go far enough we set our legal force at work and hale them to the judge to answer. If the pace has been hot enough to throw some of these "cattle" over on their backs, feet tied and "bellowing," do you think we should be blamed? They gambol around with tails held high and jump stiff-legged with a very "cocky" air while they have full range, but when the rope is thrown over them, "it's different."

Should we untie them because they bleat soft and low? Or should we put the iron on, so that people will know the brand?

Let's keep them in this pasture, anyhow.

THIRD PASTURE

Now we come to a frisky lot, the "Labor Union" editors. You know down in Texas a weed called "Loco" is sometimes eaten by a steer and produces a derangement of the brain that makes the steer "batty" or crazy. Many of these editors are "Locoed" from hate of anyone who will not instantly obey the "demands" of a labor union, and it is the universal habit of such writers to go straight into a system of personal vilification, manufacturing any sort of falsehood through which to vent their spleen. We assert that the common citizen has a right to live and breathe air without asking permission of the labor trust, and this has brought down on us the hate of these editors. When they go far enough with their libels, is it harsh for us to get judgment against them and have our lawyers watch for a chance to attach money due them from others? (For they are usually irresponsible.)

Keep your eye out for the "Locoed" editor.

Now let all these choice specimens take notice.

We will deposit one thousand or fifty thousand dollars to be covered by a like amount from them, or any one of them, and if there was ever one ounce of old bread or any other ingredient different than our selected wheat and barley with a little salt and yeast used in the making of Grape-Nuts, we will lose the money.

Our pure-food factories are open at all times to visitors, and thousands pass through each month, inspecting every department and every process. Our factories are so clean that one could, with good relish, eat a meal from the floor.

The work people, both men and women are of the highest grade in the State of Michigan, and according to the State labor reports, are the highest paid in the State for similar work.

Let us tell you exactly what you will see when you inspect the manufacture of Grape-Nuts. You will find tremendous elevators containing the choicest wheat and barley possible to buy. These grains are carried through long conveyers to grinding mills, and there converted into flour. Then the machines make selection of the proper quantities of this flour in the proper proportion and these parts are blended into a general flour which passes over to the big dough-mixing machines; there water, salt and a little yeast are added and the dough kneaded the proper length of time.

Remember that previous to the barley having been ground it was passed through about one hundred hours of soaking in water, then placed on warm floors and slightly sprouted, developing the diastase in the barley, which changes the starch in the grain into a form of sugar.

Now after we have passed it into dough and it has been kneaded long enough, it is molded by machinery into loaves about 18 inches long and 5 or 6 inches in diameter. It is put into this shape for convenience in second cooking.

These great loaves are sliced by machinery and the slices placed on wire trays, these trays, in turn, placed on great steel trucks, and rolled into the secondary ovens, each perhaps 75 or 80 feet long. There the food is subjected to a long low heat and the starch which has not been heretofore transformed, is turned into a form of sugar generally known as Post Sugar. It can be seen glistening on the granules of Grape-Nuts if held toward the light, and this sugar is not poured over or put on the food as these prevaricators ignorantly assert. On the contrary, the sugar exudes from the interior of each little granule during the process of manufacture, and reminds one of the little white particles of sugar that come out on the end of a hickory log after it has been sawed off and allowed to stand for a length of time.

This Post Sugar is the most digestible food known for human use. It is so perfect in its adaptability that mothers with very young infants will pour a little warm milk over two or three spoonfuls of Grape-Nuts, thus washing the sugar off from the granules and carrying it with the milk to the bottom of the dish. Then this milk charged with

(Continued on Following Page.)

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Post Sugar is fed to the infants, producing the most satisfactory results, for the baby has food that it can digest quickly and will go off to sleep well fed and contented.

When baby gets two or three months old it is the custom of some mothers to allow the Grape-Nuts to soak in the milk a little longer and become mushy, whereupon a little of the food can be fed in addition to the milk containing the washed-off sugar.

It is by no means manufactured for a baby food, but these facts are stated as an illustration of a perfectly digestible food.

It furnishes the energy and strength for the great athletes. It is in common use by physicians in their own families and among their patients, and can be seen on the table of every first-class college in the land.

We quote from the London Lancet analysis as follows:

"The basis of nomenclature of this preparation is evidently an American pleasantry, since 'Grape-Nuts' is derived solely from cereals. The preparatory process undoubtedly converts the food constituents into a much more digestible condition than in the raw cereal. This is evident from the remarkable solubility of the preparation, no less than one-half of it being soluble in cold water. The soluble part contains chiefly dextrin and no starch. In appearance 'Grape-Nuts' resembles fried bread-crumbs. The grains are brown and crisp, with a pleasant taste not unlike slightly burnt malt. According to our analysis the following is the composition of 'Grape-Nuts': Moisture, 6.02 per cent; mineral matter, 2.01 per cent; fat, 1.60 per cent; proteids, 15.00 per cent; soluble carbohydrates, etc., 49.40 per cent; and unaltered carbohydrates (insoluble), 25.97 per cent. The features worthy of note in this analysis are the excellent proportion of proteid, mineral matters, and soluble carbohydrates per cent. The mineral matter was rich in phosphoric acid. 'Grape-Nuts' is described as a brain and nerve food, whatever that may be. Our analysis, at any rate, shows that it is a nutritive of a high order, since it contains the constituents of a complete food in very satisfactory and rich proportion and in an easily assimilable state."

An analysis made by the Canadian Government some time ago shows that Grape-Nuts contains nearly ten times the digestible elements contained in ordinary cereals, and foods, and nearly twice the amount contained in any other food analyzed.

The analysis is familiar to practically every successful physician in America and London.

We print this statement in order that the public may know the exact facts upon which we stake our honor and will back it with any amount of money that any person or corporation will put up.

We propose to follow some of these choice specimens of the tribe of Ananias.

When you hear a cooking-school teacher or any other person assert that either Postum or Grape-Nuts are made of any other ingredients than those printed on the packages and as we say they are made, send us the name and address, also name of two or three witnesses, and if the evidence is clear enough to get a judgment we will right that wrong quickly.

Our business has always been conducted on as high a grade of human intelligence as we are capable of, and we propose to clear the deck of these prevaricators and liars whenever and wherever they can be found.

Attention is again called to the general and broad invitation to visitors to go through our works, where they will be shown the most minute process and device in order that they may understand how pure and clean and wholesome Grape-Nuts and Postum are.

There is an old saying among business men that there is some chance to train a fool, but there is no room for a liar, for you never can tell where you are, and we hereby serve notice on all the members of this ancient tribe of Ananias that they may follow their calling in other lines, but when they put forth their lies about Grape-Nuts and Postum, we propose to give them an opportunity to answer to the proper authorities.

The New York girl wisely said that if a person would lie about one item, it brands the whole discourse as absolutely unreliable.

Keep your iron ready and brand these "mavericks" whenever you find them running loose.

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts and Postum

PERSONAL.

Leader of the Revolt in Zion.—Glenn Voliva, the man foremost in the recent ousting of John Alexander Dowie from the throne of Zion City, is described by a writer in the Chicago *Inter Ocean* as an absolute contrast to his former superior—"physically, temperamentally, and mentally."

The exuberant Dowie, massive in frame, redundant in speech, magnetic and dominant in personality, enveloped and swept away by the power of his own visions, recognized in his moments of wisdom and judgment, in his secret communings in his closet, that in the young disciple Voliva existed the sanity, the sense, the prudence, the righteous and sure faculty which would most avail Zion when the influence of its founder was withdrawn.

Spare, pale, ascetic, cool, intelligent, unaffected by dreams, resolute to accomplish the task immediately under his eye, Voliva is no conqueror to found communities, to convert the world, to gain riches in Mexico and spiritual dominion in the islands of the sea. He could never invent the pageantry, the Hebraic ceremony, the Oriental splendor. But he can and he will put the business of Zion upon a substantial footing. He can organize, he can eliminate waste, he can practise economy. In a word, he can transform a struggling, half-bankrupt community into a thriving, prosperous, well-to-do American municipality.

Voliva is thirty-six years old. His hair is black. His eyes are deep set, shrewd, dark, and piercing. His shallow cheek is the esthetic's; his thin, close-set lips are the disciplinarian's, not only of other's but of his own spirit. He eats but two meals a day, frequently only one; sometimes none at all. He clothes himself in white tie, frock coat, low-cut waistcoat. He never smiles, not because he is oppressed by his own dignity, but because he sees no occasion for mirth. He does not attempt to impress his visitor.

Voliva is an American, a Hoosier, who is so entirely an American that he is ignorant of what is his racial stock. He has been heard to say that he fancies his peculiar name may be French, but he doesn't know.

Jean Henri Dunant, Founder of the Red-Cross Organization.—The *Christian Herald* prints an interesting story of the life-work of Jean Henri Dunant. In part, the particulars are these:

During the Italian war of 1859 young Dunant was traveling in that country. After the battle of Solferino he visited the field, and, seeing the terrible sufferings of the wounded soldiers who lay around untended, he, with the assistance of several peasant women, formed an ambulance service, with its headquarters in a little church at Castiglione. He helped with his own hands to bind up the wounds of Frenchmen, Italians, and Austrians alike. "They are all brothers," he said. "A wounded enemy is an enemy no longer." And he and his corps of helpers brought water and medicine, and smoothed the pallets of straw, and cheered the unfortunates, and closed the eyes of the dead, and performed the last kind offices for the dying. Dunant was regarded by the hundreds of wounded as a miracle of goodness—little less than an angel. "The gentleman in white," was the way in which the officers spoke of him, as he moved around among the sick, his light clothing making him conspicuous on the field.

His experiences at Solferino, where he saw that the willing hands of a few untrained helpers actually saved many lives, and comforted hundreds of others, inspired him with the grand idea of an organization, planned on a broad scale, and fully trained for the relief of human suffering, especially in time of war. Bit by bit the plan grew in his mind, and it gradually elaborated itself. He had a vision of a great international work of humanity, operated with the mutual recognition of many governments, and under a distinctive flag—the Cross. To-day the Red Cross flag—red on a white ground—is the recognized symbol of humane work on all fields of suffering throughout the civilized world.

By his account of the great battle of Solferino, which appeared shortly after the event itself, Mr. Dunant created a decided sensation in Europe. He described war in all its horrors—not as it is popularly supposed to be by those who remain at home, but as it actually is. It was a piece of literary realism which until that time had been unsurpassed, and it stripped the military art of all its glamor and picturesqueness, and revealed it as sheer scientific butchery and legalized murder, the bloodthirsty savageism of which nothing could extenuate. . . . . .

Dunant's splendid service in succoring the wounded in the Italian war was quickly recognized. Friends of "the gentleman in white" sprang up everywhere, and gifts of money flowed in upon him. Napoleon III. interested himself in Dunant's project for an international humane organization, and many distinguished prelates and statesmen did likewise. The first organization was a small committee composed of leading Genevans in 1859, which was called "The Committee of Succor." Soon similar committees were formed in Milan and other cities. The movement spread and was accorded a generous welcome by many nations, sovereigns and peoples included. It was not, however, until the International Congress held at Geneva in 1863 that the Red Cross, known as such, was actually founded. To Mr. Dunant, as a great public benefactor, was universally awarded the credit for originating the idea and giving form and character to the movement. For six years previous to the convention he had gone from court to court, pressing his plan on the acceptance of the different Powers, invariably with success. At the convention (which was held Oct. 26–29) all the leading European governments were represented, and almost all of the smaller principalities also—fourteen governments in all. The resolutions adopted provided for the organization in each country of a Committee of Succor for Wounded Soldiers, to cooperate with the army sanitary corps in wartime, and to be employed in the consideration of humane measures in time of peace. All associated in this special work were to wear a distinctive badge "a red cross on a white ground." Moreover, the operations of the corps were to be neutralized on the field of battle. In the following year, 1864, a

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diplomatic convention was held at Geneva, which still further defined the functions, extended the scope, and increased the facilities of the Red Cross.

A Scientist of the Old School.—Following the announcement, on April 10, of the death of Dean Shaler of the Lawrence Scientific School, *The Evening Post* (New York) publishes, in an editorial, an estimate of the man's place in the scientific world, and in the hearts of Harvard men and others who were fortunate enough to be numbered among his friends. From this editorial we reprint some of the more noteworthy portions:

A few years ago some irreverent undergraduates published a little book of caricatures and verse entitled "Harvard Celebrities." The first skit ran as follows:

"This is Shaler,
Fairy-taler,
Scientific mountain-scaler,
Penetrator
Of each crater
From the poles to the equator,
Tamer of the hurricane,
Prophet of the wind and rain,
Hypnotizer
Of the geyser,
Wizard of the frozen plain.
Hark! What is that deep and distant subterranean roar,
Arising near Memorial and reaching out to Gore?
'Tis the rumble of applause
When the speaker makes a pause
In relating an adventure from his fund of earthquake lore."

These lines are a not inadequate characterization of that geologist, philosopher, and poet, that man to whom all the various aspects of life were as fascinating as a fairy-tale, Nathaniel Southgate Shaler.

When Professor Shaler died yesterday afternoon, Harvard lost one of the most versatile and interesting men that have ever adorned her faculty. By vocation a geologist, he took all knowledge to be his province. In the sciences—mathematics, chemistry, physics, and the several branches of biology—he might fairly be called an adept. His mind ranged through the whole realm of speculative philosophy; and three of his most popular books deal with man

A WOMAN DOCTOR
Was Quick to See that Coffee Poison Was Doing the Mischief.

A lady tells of a bad case of coffee poisoning and tells it in a way so simple and straightforward that literary skill could not improve it.

"I had neuralgic headaches for 12 years," she says, "and have suffered untold agony. When I first began to have them I weighed 140 pounds, but they brought me down to 110. I went to many doctors and they gave me only temporary relief. So I suffered on, till one day in 1904 a woman doctor told me to drink Postum Food Coffee. She said I looked like I was coffee poisoned.

"So I began to drink Postum and I gained 15 pounds in the first few weeks and am still gaining, but not so fast as at first. My headaches began to leave me after I had used Postum about two weeks—long enough I expect to get the coffee poison out of my system.

"Now that a few months have passed since I began to use Postum Food Coffee, I can gladly say that I never know what a neuralgic headache is like any more, and it was nothing but Postum that cured me. Before I used Postum I never went out alone; I would get bewildered and would not know which way to turn. Now I go alone and my head is as clear as a bell. My brain and nerves are stronger than they have been for years." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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Do you think of that? Do you think of it now while you are in good health, now when the rate is cheapest for you? That's the time to think of it, surely.

Maybe you do think; can't stop thinking; and the more you think the more you conclude you can't? A man is apt to get that way—puzzled, perplexed, hesitating.

You want to be put right; you really do. And I want to put you right. So sit down and let yourself out in a letter. Tell me all about it—how you're fixed, what your prospects are, how much insurance you'd like to get, and how old you are.

Address it to me personally. I say this because I want you to feel free to consult me. You'll get a friendly reply, one that will help you. See if you don't.

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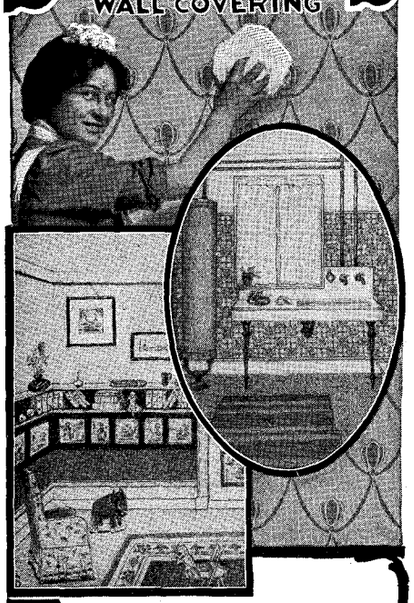

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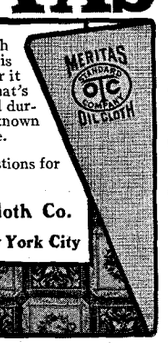

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in his relations to society: "The Individual," "The Citizen," and "The Neighbor." . . . . . .

He was eager to know everything which men were thinking and doing. When he accepted an invitation to talk to some undergraduate club, the members never knew what to expect. He might draw from his fund of earthquake lore, or he might discuss the origin and persistence of certain devices in naval architecture, in house-building, and styles of clothing. This subject would naturally lead him on to the development of the imitative faculty in man and the ethical significance of conformity to conventions of dress and behavior—all illuminated with concrete instances and entertaining anecdote. Whatever the topic broached in conversation, he had a trick of saying, "For about three years [or one or five] I gave such time as I could spare to that matter." An ingenious pupil once reckoned that Professor Shaler had devoted the leisure moments of one hundred and fifty years to investigating subjects that were not related to his specialty. In a way, this was true, for he drove many horses abreast.

Nothing shows more clearly his amazing flexibility of mind than his feat of writing five blank-verse plays in the Elizabethan manner. In order to show that scientific pursuits do not atrophy the imagination—and he referred not to what is termed "the scientific imagination," but to that which is exhibited in poetry—he turned by way of casual recreation to the production of these dramas, full of picturesque imagery and eloquent passages.

But when all was done, his opponents in argument replied that he had proved nothing; for he was not a scientist; he was a poet and philosopher. The retort had a basis of truth. He knew too many different things to be the greatest living geologist. Younger and more plodding men, content to toil in a narrower field, had outstripped him in that exact and painstaking erudition which we now call scholarship. The limits of knowledge have been extended immeasurably within a generation. An Aristotle, a Leonardo da Vinci, or a Bacon is a prodigy which we shall never see again. But we can not say farewell to the old order of scientist and welcome the new without an expression of regret. To-day a college faculty must seek botanists, chemists, and geologists who are complete masters of their specialties, whose minute learning is the admiration of two hemispheres. Such men can not, however, as teachers of ardent youth, replace a Shaler, whose imagination suffused all the facts of his own and other sciences with a glow of romance, and whose sympathies were as wide as the sea.

A Venerable Portrayer of Girlhood.—With the passing of Mrs. Adeline Dutton Train Whitney the pleasant paths of juvenile literature, from which last year death diverted the feet of Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge and of Hezekiah Butterworth, suffer another loss. While Mrs. Dodge was seventy-four, and Mr. Butterworth sixty-six at the time of their deaths, Mrs. Whitney lived to the age of eighty-two and her last book was written in her eightieth year. Her stories, especially her stories for girls, "have made her name a household word in America," says the Boston *Transcript*. "The young girl," says the Springfield *Republican*, "who has fallen under the influence of Mrs. Whitney's charming, truthful, and elevating presentment of girlhood, with its sweet-tempered, earnest, and often deep teaching, . . . can hardly measure out the due of her sunny and inviting personality." Her work, the same paper states, was "eminently personal in its pervasive intimacy with the nature of girls"; and "she knew the boy with remarkable divination." According to the Rochester *Post-Express*, her stories were in great demand by parents who "desired innocuous literature for their children and who looked askance on the love scenes in Louisa Alcott's books." *The Post-Express* goes on to make the following comparison:

Mrs. Whitney devoted herself to much the same field as Miss Alcott and made an almost equal reputation. The happy, guileless world of children was

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her field, but unlike Miss Alcott her personality did not permeate her books. She was aloof from her characters. Miss Alcott was a child herself in her simplicity and camaraderie. . . . Mrs. Whitney was a distinguished exponent of a school of juvenile fiction that can never become extinct. Her boys' stories were an excellent appetizer to the stronger meat of Optic and Castlemon, while her girls' stories occupied a place between those of Mrs. Lillie and Miss Alcott.

Her death, says the Chicago *Chronicle*, will stir a ripple of interest among readers, many of whom will wonder why she was so popular a generation ago. This wonder, the paper adds, will not be due to any technical defects in her stories, but to the fact that the present generation "has been made familiar with the flavor of much more highly spiced viands."

MORE OR LESS PUNGENT.

Legal Tact.—It is not necessary that a lawyer should be eloquent to win verdicts, but he must have the tact which turns an apparent defeat to his own advantage. One of the most successful of verdict winners was Sir James Scarlett. His skill in turning a failure into a success was wonderful. In a breach-of-promise case the defendant, Scarlett's client, was alleged to have been cajoled into an engagement by the plaintiff's mother. She was a witness in behalf of her daughter, and completely baffled Scarlett, who cross-examined her. But in his argument he exhibited his tact by this happy stroke of advocacy: "You saw, gentleman of the jury, that I was but a child in her hands. What *must my client have been?*"—*Law Student's Journal* (London).

THANKSGIVING PSALM

A Rhythmical and Grateful Chant.

A teacher in a Terre Haute public school joins in the chorus:

"Teaching is a business which requires a great deal of brain and nerve force. Unless this force is renewed as fast as expended, the teacher is exhausted before the close of the year. Many resort to stimulating tonics for relief.

"For 3 years I struggled against this almost complete exhaustion, getting what relief I could from doctors' tonics. Then in the spring of 1903 I had an attack of la grippe and malaria which left me too weak to continue my work. Medicine failed to give me any relief, a change of climate failed. I thought I should never be able to go back in school again.

"I ate enough food (the ordinary meals, white bread and vegetables), but was hungry after meals.

"I happened at this time to read an article giving the experience of another teacher who had been helped by Grape-Nuts food. I decided to try Grape-Nuts and cream as an experiment. It was a delightful experience, and continues so after a year and a half of constant use.

"First, I noticed that I was not hungry after meals.

"In a few days that tired feeling left me, and I felt fresh and bright instead of dull and sleepy

"In three months, more than my usual strength returned, and I had gained 15 pounds in weight.

"I finished the year's work without any kind of tonics—was not absent from duty even half a day.

"Am still in the best of health, with all who know me wondering at the improvement.

"I tell them all, 'Try Grape-Nuts!'" Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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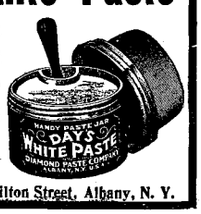

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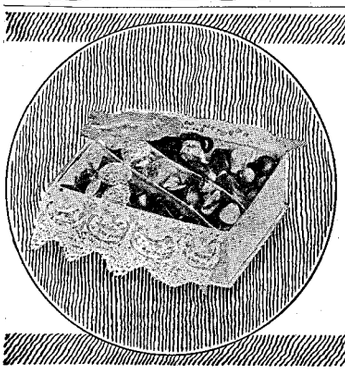

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A Hypocrite.—TEACHER—"Johnny, what is a hypocrite?"

JOHNNY—"A boy wot comes t' school wid a smile on his face."—*Philadelphia Record.*

The Communicative Barber.—A talkative and self-important young court stenographer went with a detailed judge to one of the feud towns in the Kentucky mountains to do his part in holding a term of court.

It was a small place, far from a railroad, and the inhabitants were all feudists of one clan or another. After a day or two at the little hotel the stenographer said to the hotel-keeper: "Where's the barber shop?"

"Ain't no barber shop here," the boniface replied. "We all mostly lets our hair grow."

"But can't I get shaved anywhere?"

"Oh, yes, I reckon you kin. Uncle Joe down to the cobbler's shop sometimes shaves folks."

The stenographer went to Uncle Joe's and found the cobbler to be a mild-mannered old man, with flowing gray whiskers and a pale and beatific blue eye.

Uncle Joe said he could shave him and he got out a razor and a shaving-mug. The stenographer sat down on a chair and leaned back. He waited in some trepidation, but the old man was skilful and gave him a good shave.

It was necessary for the young man to talk, so, when the barber was on his throat, he said: "Good many murders around here, ain't there?"

"Well, suh," the barber said, "we don't call them murders. Howsomever, there is some killin's, if that is what you mean."

"Oh, well," said the young man, "I suppose one name's as good as another. When was the last killing?"

"A man was shot out here in the square last week."

"Who shot him?"

The barber brought the razor up on the young man's Adam's apple. "I did," he said.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

Suspicious.—THE EDITOR—"Have you shown this drawing to any one else?"

THE ARTIST—"No."

THE EDITOR—"Then what is it makes you stand so close to the door?"—*The Sketch* (London).

Not His Way.—JUSTICE (sternly)—"You are charged with stealing nine of Colonel Henry's hens last night. Have you any witnesses?"

BROTHER SWAGBACK (apologetically)—"Nussah! I s'pecks I's sawtuh peculiar dat-uh-way, but it ain't never been muh custom to take witnesses along when I goes out chicken-stealin', sah."—*Puck.*

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"'I shall recover?' he asked, in a weak voice tremulous with hope.

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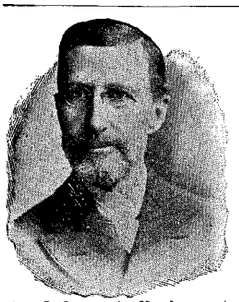

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CURRENT EVENTS.

Foreign.

April 6.—The strike of the coal miners at Lens, France, is renewed for an indefinite period upon their refusal to accept the increase in wages offered by the companies.

April 7.—Cambridge easily defeats Oxford in their sixty-third annual boat race on the Thames.

The Morocco conference is adjourned *sine die* after the delegates sign the articles of agreement

In view of the success of the radicals in the recent Russian elections, Count Witte urges the Czar to proclaim a constitution before the Douma meets.

The advancing lava flow of Vesuvius swallows up the village of Bosco Trecase, from which its nine thousand inhabitants flee.

April 8.—Russian Finance Minister Kokovsoff is reported as having negotiated in France for the floating of the large Russian loan.

April 9.—The King and Queen of Italy visit the afflicted towns in the vicinity of Vesuvius, and give aid to the suffering peasantry.

April 10.—The Czar declines to take action on the resignation of Premier Witte, pending the settlement of the foreign loan, for the success of which he deems Witte indispensable.

The weight of falling ashes from Vesuvius causes the collapse of the roof of the Monte Oliveto market in Naples. Twelve persons are killed and more than a hundred injured.

April 11.—Herr von Radowitz, German Ambassador to Madrid, and recent delegate to Algeciras, is proposed as the probable acting Chancellor during the illness of Prince von Buelow.

Advices from London point to a second Hague Peace Conference not later than next October.

April 12.—The Vesuvian eruption nearly ceases; the rain of dust and ashes on the eastern slope stops entirely.

Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria-Hungary receives Bellamy Storer, the American Ambassador, for a final interview.

Domestic.

April 6.—Civil suits for more than $5,000,000 damages are brought by counsel for Mayor Weaver, of Philadelphia, against the filtration contracting firms.

Gen. Russell A. Alger withdraws as a candidate for reelection as Senator from Michigan.

The soft-coal miners in the Pittsburg district return to work, practically ending the strike in that locality.

April 7.—A Missouri Supreme-court decision made in Kansas City, declaring the Kansas City Live-stock Exchange a trust, affects millions of cattle mortgages.

April 8.—Overseer Voliva is officially declared the successor of Dowie as head of Zion City.

April 9.—A fourth suit against the McCurdys is brought by the Mutual Life Insurance Company, demanding the recovery of $1,002,841.

April 10.—Dean Nathaniel Southgate Shaler, of the Lawrence Scientific School of Harvard, dies at his home in Cambridge, Mass.

Maxim Gorky, the Russian revolutionist, arrives in New York and is cordially welcomed.

April 11.—James A. Bailey, head of Barnum and Bailey's circus, dies at his home in Mount Vernon, New York.

An epidemic of typhoid fever afflicts the city of Pittsburg, and is attributed to unclean drinking-water.

April 12.—Four more insurance bills are passed by the New York Assembly and go to the Governor for signature.

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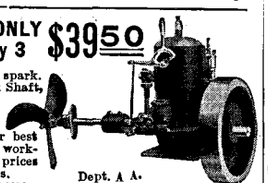

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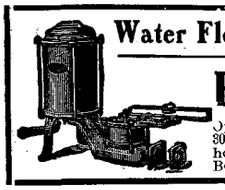

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THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

In this column, to decide questions concerning the correct use of words, the Funk & Wagnalls Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

☞ *The Lexicographer does not answer any questions sent anonymously.*

"F S.," New York.—"Is the correct spelling of the Pennsylvanian town Hazleton or Hazelton?"

The official form is *Hazleton*. There are other towns of similar name, as in Kansas and Iowa, but their names are spelled *Hazelton*.

"G. B. D.," Ellensburg.—"Which of these two sentences is correct, 'If you were *me* would you,' etc., or 'If you were *I*', etc.?"

The second is correct, *I* being in the nominative case or the pronoun by which a speaker or writer designates himself. This reply applies also to "M. M. M.," of Albany, N. Y.

"S. R. H.," Olean, Mo.—"What is meant by a joint high commission or a high joint commission?"

A joint high commission is a body of persons acting under lawful authority to perform some national or international service. The last *Joint High Commission* was created in 1898 and was composed of persons representing the United States, Canada, and Great Britain, who met to adjust as far as possible certain matters in controversy between the Dominion of Canada and the United States.

The *High Joint Commission* "S. R. H." refers to is probably the Geneva High Joint Commission, which was convened at Geneva, Switzerland, in 1871, for the purpose of settling the claims of the United States and its citizens against the Government of Great Britain for losses sustained on account of the depredations of the Confederate cruiser *Alabama* and other Confederate ships. This commission was composed of representatives of the United States, Great Britain, Italy, Switzerland, and Brazil.

"L. C. T.," Sheridan, Wyo.—"Which is correct, 'I can buy goods as cheap (or as cheaply) here?' Also, what is *as* in the sentence?"

(1) As *cheap* and *cheaply* are both adverbs, either word may be used, altho in modern usage *cheaply* is preferred. (2) Here, *as* is a conjunctive adverb expressing comparison, proportion, etc., and denoting "in proportion to which" or "no less than."

"R. M. W.," Columbia, Mo.—"(1) Are the words *supply* and *supplement* from a common root? (2) For the sake of consistency should not the first *e* in supplement be an *i*? (3) What was the original meaning of the prefix *bar* in the word *bargain*?"

(1) The words are both derived from a common root. *Supplement* came into English through the Old French *supplement*, and was derived from the Latin *supplementum*, that with which anything is made full (out of *sub*, under, and *pleo*, fill). *Supply* is English and came from the French *supplier*, which was derived from the Latin *suppleo*, to supply or fill up, which came from *sub*, below, and *pleo*, fill. (2) We think not. There is, however, an obsolete form of the word—*supplyment*. (3) The origin of the word *bargain* is not known; but, generally, it is derived from the Old French *bargaigner*, to have difficulty in making up one's mind, and this in turn from the Latin *barcanio*, traffic, from *barca*, a boat for traffic. As "R. M. W." will see, the Latin *barca* is the nearest approach to what he designates as "the prefix *bar*."

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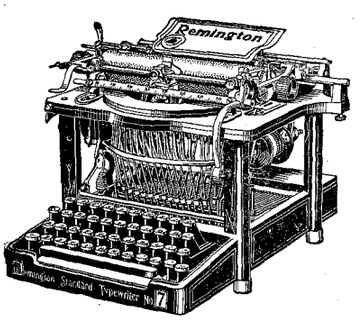

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